BANNER

WORLD WAR II

OUR STORY

WEEKLY PUBLICATION OF THE

DID LIBERATION BRING A BETTER WORLD?

by Diet Eman

FIFTY YEARS AGO this past Friday—May 5, 1945—the Netherlands was liberated from Nazi Germany. Three days later, May 8, victory was declared in Europe, ending World War II there.

It is still difficult to describe the emotions we felt when the Allies arrived in the Netherlands. First we felt immense gratitude to God, then an indescribable relief that the war was over. In every village and city, the church bells rang, and we held thanksgiving services with our liberators in crowded churches, in the open air, and in village squares. Many faces were wet with tears.

Liberation meant no more tyranny and no more of the fears we had felt for five years. We no longer had to fear that innocent hostages would be executed if the rest of us did something to displease the Nazi occupiers. Jewish people no longer had to fear discovery. The wives of Resistance fighters did not have to fear capture by Nazis trying to force the husbands out of hiding. We no longer had to fear saying the wrong word to the wrong person. Mothers did not have to fear that their children would starve. None of us had to cower in fear of bombardments.

In our new feeling of freedom, many of us were naive about this war. We thought that the past five years of great suffering would make the world a better place. In our united struggle against the invader, we'd given up living by the differences between religious groups and political parties. We had formed deep friendships that often surpassed family ties, friendships that would last a lifetime. We were sure this horror could never happen again.

Queen Wilhelmina reflected our hopes when she spoke to us on the first day of our regained freedom:

"At long last we are again the boss in our own home and our own hearth; beaten is the enemy, from east to west, from south to north; gone are the firing squads, the prisons, and concentration camps. Gone is the unspeakable oppression of the persecutor that has tortured you for five years; past is the horror of the famine."

After the war, we expected so much. The world *had* to be a better place. But were we realistic?

We were only human, and disappointments came. The country had to be rebuilt after the bombardments. But the Dutch way is very orderly, so our progress was slow. There were so many rules and regulations to observe. Maybe these were necessary, but we looked at our neighbors in Belgium, and things seemed to move so quickly there. People griped. Many immigrated to Canada because the lack of housing in Holland was terrible. Couples who got married were placed on a waiting list for a place to live. Many had to live with their parents, often until they had two children. Still, slowly but surely, things got better. The country recovered.

What Was It Good For?

If the world did not become a better place, were the lives of those who died in the war given in vain? What can we learn as we look back?

We see how the war brought out the best in people's character. Simple, unknown men and women did heroic things, not to be rewarded but to stay true to their God and to themselves. They were willing to make the ultimate sacrifice, and many did. They knew the danger, but they obeyed their consciences. Many others who could not help actively because of health or nerves did other deeds of love and sacrifice, such as sharing food and clothing. Everything was more intense: friendships, happiness, love—and yes, even hate.

Everything was more intense: friendships, happiness, love—and yes, even hate.

We see, too, the compassion of a nation. One fear that remained after liberation was whether our loved ones whom the Nazis had taken would return. Many did not. And when we knew how many would not return, the whole country united and formed the "Stichting 1940-1945." Everyone contributed money, which the Dutch government supplemented. These funds were invested and used to make sure that the widows and orphans of those who paid the highest price would never suffer poverty on top of their great loss. The Stichting is still taking care of many.

Looking back at those years of terror, we can only say, Thank God for the precious gift of freedom. B

Diet Eman, a member of Seymour Christian Reformed Church, Grand Rapids, Mich., was a Resistance worker in the Netherlands during World War II. She is co-author of Things We Couldn't Say. *An excerpted version of her story appeared in* The Banner *in November and December 1993.*

A War-Stories Banner

I grew up hearing many stories about World War II, the occupation of the Netherlands, and the arrival of Canadian troops to liberate that country. In the Netherlands, where many of our readers were born, the war ended 50 years ago last week—May 5, 1945, to be exact. It was over for the rest of Europe three days later.

In this issue of *The Banner,* we commemorate the war's end with a collection of true stories from our readers. Many include anguished accounts about the horrors of war. Yet all are eloquent testimonies to Christian faith, hope, and love.

We advertised for these stories and received many more than we had room for. I'd like to thank everyone who shared of their past to help us find our way in the present.

—*JS*

Cover: *People return to their homes to salvage belongings as the battle for Zutphen, the Netherlands, progresses during World War II. This issue of* The Banner *is devoted to memories of the war. (Cover photo is from* Holland and the Canadians, *Contact Publishing Company, Amsterdam.)*

Editor in Chief: John Suk
Associate Editor: Malcolm McBryde
News Editor: Phyllis Ten Elshof
Art Director: Dean R. Heetderks
Advertising/Circulation Manager: Tom Betts

Contributing Editors:
Ken Koeman, Q & A
Tersur Aben, Worldwide
Cover Photo: Canadian Army Film & Photo Unit, *Holland and the Canadians*

The Banner (ISSN0005-5557). Vol. 130, No. 17, 1995.
2850 Kalamazoo Ave. SE, Grand Rapids, MI 49560. Phone: Advertising (616) 246-0725; Subscriptions (616) 246-0731; Editorial (616) 246-0732; FAX (616) 246-0834. Annual Subscription Price: U.S. $35.00; Canada, $50.83 (GST included); single copies, $1.50. Member of Associated Church Press and Evangelical Press Association.

News Correspondents
Ruth De Young, Oak Forest, Ill.; Ruth Donker, Modesto, Calif.; Carol Flietstra, Jenison, Mich.; Bob Fry, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Karen Gorter, Rockford, Mich.; Shanti Jost, North Haledon, N.J.; Sherry Kooiker, Boyden, Iowa; Martin LaMaire, Oak Park, Ill.; Gayla Postma, Morrisburg, Ont.; Dave Raakman, St. Catharines, Ont.; Melanie Scholten, Holland, Mich.; Jo Romyn Vos, Edmonton, Alta.; Sherry Vos, Lynden, Wash; Wilma Wiersma, Denver, Colo.

Published weekly, except two issues are published in January, July, and August (45 issues per year). Second-class postage paid at Grand Rapids, Mich. and registered as second-class mail under permit #9296 at Norwich, Ont., Canada. GST #R126032408. Copyright 1995 CRC Publications, a ministry of the Christian Reformed Church. Printed in U.S.A.

Postmaster
Send address changes to The Banner, 2850 Kalamazoo Ave. SE, Grand Rapids, MI 49560.

Contents

FEATURES

Lessons on Hate from the Winter of '44 4
The Germans took our food and fuel. They shot our neighbor boy in front of his parents. Now they were killing my brother Harm. How could I ever forgive them?
by Albert Kolk

War Brings Jewish Girl to Jesus 6
The young Jewish girl first met Jesus in the home of a Frisian family during World War II. Fifty years later, she came home to the church.
by Beatrice Vandervelde

Miracles at the B.J. 8
Dutch Resistance workers didn't feel secure about meeting at the house where Corrie Ten Boom and her family were hiding Jews. But Corrie was right: angels were watching over that place.
by Jac Geuzebroek

Letters From the Front 10
A Canadian soldier details his role in the Liberation of Europe.
by Jennie Visser

The Day I Met My Dad 13
She'd assumed that she had no father. Then one day, a couple of weeks after the war ended, a handsome man in a uniform came to the door. . . .
by Grace Armour

How Little Kees Survived Prison Camp 20
At the age of 4, all Kees knew was the inside of a prison camp.
by Ruth Ter Haar

The Manna Miracle of World War II 22
Allied bomber crews risked their lives to drop food, not bombs, on the Netherlands near the end of World War II.
by Herb Koedoot

A Father's Last Words 31
Lessons of endurance from an Indonesian prison camp.
by Carolyn Vander Griend

DEPARTMENTS

Editorial: Did Liberation Bring a Better World?
by Diet Eman 2

Family Matters: Tell Us About the War
by Annette Tensen 15

Kid Stuff: Check Out the Synagogue
by Joanne E. De Jonge 16

Family Devotions: A Home for God
by Joanna M. Bailey 18

Poem: Lord of the Unknowns
by Mark Hiskes 19

Letters to the Editor 30

Lessons on Hate from the Winter of '44

by Albert Kolk

The Germans took our food and fuel. They shot our neighbor boy in front of his parents. Now they were killing my brother Harm. How could I ever forgive them?

THE NORTHEAST WIND CUT into my face as I walked to school in the winter of '44. B-r-r-r! I can still feel the bitter cold, which was unusual for the Netherlands. Some kids skated to school on the frozen canals that crisscrossed the lowland.

To keep us warm, Mother put an extra *borstrok* (woolen undershirt) on us and stuffed straw into our wooden shoes. When we caught a cold, she would place brown paper lined with animal fat against our chests so that we would sweat out the germs and keep from getting pneumonia. Many children died of tuberculosis during that year. Four of the nine children in our family were infected with TB. My oldest brother, Harm, brought the germ home. He worked on a dairy farm, where he got TB from infected cows. Eventually, two people in our family died of TB.

When well-dressed, fat-faced, heavily armed German soldiers clicked their high leather boots over our school ground, I would think of the thin, pale faces of my brothers and sisters. I started to hate those soldiers, secretly at first, then more openly and defiantly. Our suffering was all their fault. I hated them for the hardships, and I hated them for killing Jews and Dutch Resistance fighters. They shot our 17-year-old neighbor, a Resistance fighter, right in front of his mom, dad, sisters, and neighbors. Oh, if I could have grabbed the gun from the German officer, I would surely have killed him!

I RAN OUT OF THE HOUSE INTO THE MEADOWS OF THE POLDER, AND I CRIED AND CRIED AND CRIED. "WHY?" I SOBBED. "WHY?"

Love Our Enemies? No Way

Our preacher said we should love our enemies. But my Christian school teacher hated the Germans. I could see it in his eyes and in the way he would clench his teeth when the soldiers marched by. We hadn't always felt that way. Before the war, our churches exchanged preachers with churches across the German border. As a 4-year-old, I loved visiting with the soldiers who would stop for a drink at our little farm. One officer let me pet his horse and play with his sable.

That was in 1940. Now it was 1944, and at age 8 I was man enough to hate every German on the continent.

The Dutch people suffered immensely during that winter of '44. Thousands of people in the big cities of the western part of our country died from the cold and from hunger-related diseases. Scores of people walked by our house in Overijssel, pushing old bikes (some without tires) packed with food they had bartered for with whatever jewelry they had—only to have the best taken away from them by Germans who guarded the bridge over the IJssel River. "How could they be so mean?" I asked my mother.

Mother added water and potatoes to our soup so she could share it with poor people who knocked on our door, begging for a meal. "How can we send away our own countrymen when they are in need?" she'd say. Before the war, nobody in our town begged for food. But now so many people looked so thin and pale.

A Song for Harm

My brother Harm was losing his battle with TB. His hollow eyes reminded me of some neighbor girls who had died. Mom made me sit with Harm after I came home from school. Harm would talk about Jesus and heaven. He'd say someday all of us would die and meet God. His big brown eyes would look at me, and I would say, "Ja." Then I'd look past him at the kids who were outside playing soccer, wishing I could join them.

Harm would tell me I had such a beautiful high voice (the kids at school called me *pieper,* or pip-squeak). He'd ask me to sing the song my teacher Meester Malda taught me:"Er ruist langs de wolken een liefelykle Naam" (There rings o'er the clouds the beautiful name of Jesus). Harm's eyes would fill with tears when I sang. I couldn't handle that, so I would run outside and kick the homemade soccer ball extra hard.

I loved my brother; he was my hero. When he was healthy, he used to sing as he worked in the fields. I would meet him for lunch, and we would watch the Kieviet bird dive at us. Harm would beat up big boys who were mean. One time I had to kick Harm's shins with my wooden shoe because I was scared he

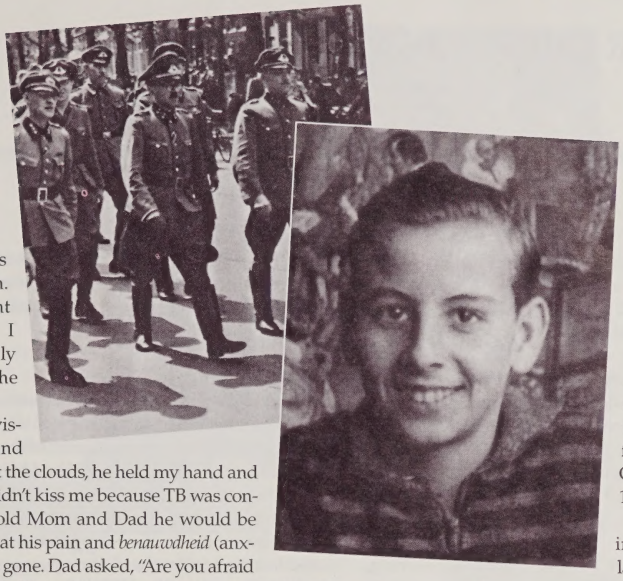


Photo: Carel Blazer, Holland and The Canadians

▲ **At age 8, Albert Kolk was man enough to hate every German on the continent.**

would choke his opponent to death. Had the opponent been a German, I would have gladly helped Harm in the beating.

The last time I visited with Harm and sang the song about the clouds, he held my hand and said goodbye. He didn't kiss me because TB was contagious. Later, he told Mom and Dad he would be leaving soon and that his pain and *benauwdheid* (anxiety) would soon be gone. Dad asked, "Are you afraid to go on the long trip?" And Harm said, "Nee Pappa, it's only one step, and then I'll be with Jesus." Harm smiled, his eyes started to shine, he took one more breath, and then he was gone. He was age 19.

Mom and Dad got us all together and told us Harm was gone. They said that if we were quiet, we could see Harm in his private room. But Harm's limbs were stiff, and his eyes looked like those of the neighbor's horse that had been shot dead by a German Spitfire airplane. I couldn't take it. I ran out of the house into the meadows of the polder, and I cried and cried and cried. My little hands turned into fists in my pockets. "Why, Why?" I sobbed. Why was our neighbor's 17-year-old son shot? Why did the Germans put my father in jail? Why wasn't there enough food to keep Harm healthy? "Verdomde Moffen!" I said, swearing at the Germans.

Three days later, we and hundreds of other mourners dressed in black watched as a black carriage pulled by two black horses carried Harm's remains away. After the funeral a German collaborator ate the last of our cookies.

Hope at Last.

During the final years of the war, Dad often went away on trips. He didn't tell us where he went. When he was home, I'd sometimes see him clean guns. He would listen in secret to the radio broadcasts of the British Broadcasting Corporation and pick up messages from "Radio Oranje." The radio told him Canadian troops were coming closer.

After many scary nights of bombing, the German army finally retreated. Dutch flags and orange banners began to appear in windows, woodlots, and windmills. And then, one sunny morning, the first Canadian tanks arrived. People danced in the streets. Our boys traded farm-fresh eggs for chocolates and American cigarettes from the soldiers, and many of our girls traded themselves for other favors. Thousands of Dutch-Canadian babies were born in 1946.

In March 1951 our family immigrated to Canada, the land of our liberators. I thought I had left the war behind, but when I was at school in Iron Springs, Alberta, I ran into two fat-faced German boys, and all the memories came back. Once again I felt the hatred, the humiliation, the hunger, the deaths, the black horses. . .

The preacher said we should love our enemies and forgive them for what they did, but that isn't so easy. It took me many years to forgive.

Today, thank God, I have learned to forgive. Some of my friends are even Germans. And when some of us went to the Netherlands for a visit, we went to the cemetery where my opa (grandfather), Dad, and brothers are buried. I also walked past the spot where our neighbor boy was shot by the Germans. There was no longer hatred in my heart.

I still hate injustice, and I will always fight for the underprivileged. But the hate is gone. Why?

There rings o'er the clouds a beautiful name
That joins together both heaven and earth.
There's no name that's sweeter, more touching the heart,
It's balm for the wounds and heals all the pain.
Jesus, Jesus, your name be praised.

Albert Kolk is a member of Iron Springs (Alta.) Christian Reformed Church.

WAR BRINGS JEWISH GIRL TO JESUS

by Beatrice Vandervelde

It took 50 years, but Annie finally came home to the Jesus she met in a Frisian church.

SIX YEARS AGO SHE GOT TO HER FEET in front of the whole congregation, a middle-aged Jewish woman, and she publicly professed her faith in Jesus Christ as her Savior. She was radiant. Everyone who knew her story was beaming with her.

The seed of her faith had been sown when she was a child. More than 50 years later, God allowed that seed to sprout again, to be nurtured, and to finally come to fruit. How fitting that her confession came at Pentecost.

This is Annie's story—evidence of God's patience and of his grace .

Time to Hide

Amsterdam, 1942. Annie was 10 years old. Early one morning, her mother shook her awake. "Hurry. Get dressed," she said. In the street, loudspeakers blared, "All Jews, report to your synagogue. All Jews, report to your synagogue."

The sound disappeared into the distance, but the unrest stayed. "What's happening? Why do we have to go?" Annie wondered as she shivered awake and wormed her way into her clothes. Minutes later, Annie's family hurried down the stairs and into the street, their bags on their backs. Already the street was full of Jews, grim-faced. German soldiers herded them on their way.

All day Annie's family waited inside the synagogue, waited for their name to be called. They were thankful when it wasn't. They did not have to report to the officers, get their name checked off, and then get onto the waiting truck outside, the truck headed to the concentration camps.

As they went home after that long day, Annie's mother said, "Enough. We're going into hiding." Annie didn't know what "hiding" was. She didn't want to go. But her mother said she had no choice.

The next day someone from the Dutch Underground visited. He took the three children (the baby had already been placed with another family)—Annie, her sister, and her brother—to the top floor, where they climbed onto the roof through an attic window, walked more than halfway around the square of joined houses to the opposite side, then crawled back inside. Other Resistance workers met them and took them downstairs.

Then they were told, "Say goodbye to your brother and sister." Each of them went a different way with one of those strangers: Annie's sister to the left, her brother to the right, and Annie straight ahead. There were no neighbors to see them leave, so there was no one to betray them. Annie's mother gave all their things away—their clothes, their toys. She even destroyed their pictures. If anyone came looking, she could say, "See, there are no kids."

Only the Shirt on Her Back

Annie went with the clothes on her back, nothing else. Her mother had tried taking the yellow star identifying her as a Jew off some of Annie's clothes, but the dye of the star had run. So she had nothing else. But Annie considered herself lucky—she was allowed to keep her name. Some children couldn't even keep their own names. If it was too Jewish, it might give them away.

From her home in the heart of Amsterdam, Annie was moved to a farm in Friesland. From being one of four children, she went to being an only child. From being part of a huge, bustling Jewish family of aunts, uncles, grandparents, and cousins, she became part of a quieter family with few relatives. From living in the midst of a modern city, she went to a farm with no conveniences—no electricity, no running water, only an outhouse.

THEY OFTEN SANG PSALMS, WHICH THEY KNEW BY HEART, AND SOON ANNIE LEARNED THEM TOO.

It was a lonely time. But as night followed night and there were no early-morning raids, no wailing sirens to warn of bomb attacks, Annie gradually came to rest. The nightmares—being chased down city streets by an airplane, rushing for a bomb shelter and being denied entrance—came less often. Annie went to school in the village and made friends. She learned to laugh again. The farm couple taking care of her treated her as their own. She called them "Oom" and "Tante" (uncle and aunt).

The Resistance workers occasionally brought news. One time it was the sad news that Annie's parents had been shot while trying to escape. Annie cried and cried. Her oom and tante tried to comfort her. Hadn't they always prayed for a child? Annie was the answer. She could be their child, they said. They would adopt her.

The family was poor but joyful. Her oom and tante often sang, especially in the evening, after dinner. They often sang psalms, which they knew by heart, and soon Annie learned them too. Sometimes when her oom's parents, who lived on the

Photo: Ad Windig, *Holland and The Canadians*

▲ **The Dutch cheer as their liberators roll into the city.**

other half of the farm, heard the singing, they'd come over. Then they'd all sing together, in the dark.

Annie went to church. It was difficult at first—such a long time to sit still—but gradually she got used to it. The singing helped—she loved the singing. When they sang songs she knew by heart, Annie was the loudest one singing. And always, during the worship service, she'd get half a peppermint—her treat for the whole week.

One day in the summer of 1945, shortly after the Netherlands had been liberated, Annie saw a man biking through the village. "That man looks just like my father did," she said to her friend. But it couldn't be him. She'd been told her parents had been shot. But with her eyes she followed the man. He went to a house nearby, not the farmhouse where Annie lived. Annie and her friend walked there to see what he wanted. They heard him tell the woman who answered the door that he'd heard she'd taken in a Jewish child. He said he was looking for his daughter, Annie, who was about 13 years old. The woman answered that she had an Annie, but her Annie was only 7. The man asked if he could see the child anyway—maybe she was his youngest daughter, Shelly. Maybe the names had gotten mixed up.

Going Back Home Was Hard

When Annie heard her little sister's name, she knew this *had* to be her father. She threw herself into his arms and said, "Pappa, Ik ben je Annie" (Papa, *I* am your Annie). It was a wonderful reunion.

After her father had found the rest of the family and a new place for them to live, Annie went home. But what was home now? She felt like a stranger among strangers, as if she didn't belong. They had to learn to become a family again. It was sad too. Her grandmother, her grandfather, her aunts, uncles, and cousins—all of them were gone. Her grandmother had 11 children; only her mother, one aunt, and one uncle had survived.

During the war Annie had become a Christian. Even when she went home to her parents, she continued going to church, and she always prayed before she ate. Her parents respected that. But after about half a year, she couldn't keep it up any longer. Her brother and sisters would go to the movies on Sundays. They'd ask Annie along. Finally it was just too tempting.

For the next 40 years or so, nothing happened with Annie's faith. That changed one winter when she was hospitalized for depression. The Salvation Army people came around to see who wanted to go to a worship service. Annie didn't want to go but thought, "Why not? They do a lot of singing, and I like singing." So she went. While listening to the singing, it seemed as if someone put his arms around her. Back in her room, Annie realized that it was God. She told herself, "If God has his arms around you, then you're going to be OK."

With her awareness of God rekindled, Annie was hungry to find out more about him and his Son, Jesus Christ. She studied the Bible, attended church again, and finally decided she wanted to confess her faith and be baptized. It was one of the best days of her life. Her doctor said it did wonders for her blood pressure.

Becoming a Christian didn't solve all of Annie's problems. Her health is not good, and she still has trouble sleeping. The war years are a part of her history. They have brought much sorrow and pain, but they also enabled the seed of faith to be sown in her. That seed took a long time to sprout and come to fruit. But finally, by God's grace, it did.

Beatrice Vandervelde is a member of Willowdale (Ont.) Christian Reformed Church, where Annie is also a member.

Miracles at

What I Learned About God

by Jac Geuzebroek

B.J., SHORT FOR BARTAL-JORIS, is the name of a street in Haarlem that was named when the Spaniards ruled the Netherlands (1482-1794). Bartal Joris was a leader of the Resistance movement against the cruel Spaniards. It is thus fitting that this name also became famous during World War II.

Corrie Ten Boom, author of *The Hiding Place,* lived on this street with her sister, Betsy, and their elderly father. They hid Jews in their home during the war. To keep this location secret, they used a code name for their hiding place. They called it the B.J.

I knew the Ten Booms when I was young because they occasionally visited our church. The rest of the time they went to the Reformed Church. Little did I know that I would someday fall in love with Corrie's second cousin and marry her.

Even less could I have foreseen the role that Corrie and the B.J. would play during the war. How could any of us in Holland have predicted that, from 1939 to 1945, we would live on a tightrope of suspense? This tightrope was particularly thin and shaky around the B.J., which became a center of resistance against the terrible oppression of the Nazis. Still, we experienced miracles, two of which I remember vividly.

A Time to Hide

We in the Resistance knew that during certain times of danger we all had to go into hiding. We'd get the signal that someone had been picked up by the enemy, for example, and we knew none of us were safe because the Nazis had ways of torturing information out of anyone. After a while things calmed down, and we went back to business as usual. So did the B.J.

All kinds of people came at all hours of the day to the B.J. The Ten Boom house sheltered Resistance workers who were helping to hide Jewish people from the Germans who would send them to concentration camps. And it sheltered Jews—mostly in the little room in the attic, called the Hiding Place, which Corrie later wrote about.

Some of us didn't feel easy about visiting the B.J. Not all of us were convinced, as Corrie was, that the Lord had told his angels to keep the house safe by day and night. After the B.J. was raided by the

the B.J.

Grace at the Hiding Place.

Germans later on, word spread that the angels must have been on vacation. But the Ten Booms never doubted that what they were doing was right. And they never became scared. Surrounded by danger, they persisted in their work to save Jewish people from an awful fate.

And miracles did happen. One day we learned that John, a distributor of underground papers, had been picked up by the enemy. John knew lots of people in the Resistance, so we feared that many of us might soon be arrested. We went into hiding. No one was arrested during the next two weeks, though, so we went back to business. Then, one person after another was picked up by the Nazis. Something was going on.

SOME OF US DIDN'T FEEL EASY ABOUT VISITING THE B.J. NOT ALL OF US WERE CONVINCED, AS CORRIE TEN BOOM WAS, THAT THE LORD HAD TOLD HIS ANGELS TO KEEP THE HOUSE SAFE BY DAY AND NIGHT.

We arranged a secret meeting at the B.J. At the meeting, someone said that John was free but was being followed by the German Secret Police. John would go to the home of an underground worker, stay for a few minutes, then leave. Immediately afterward, the agents would ring the bell, go inside, and arrest everybody there.

The operation was so smooth that we knew John was betraying us. We struggled with the question of how to stop him and concluded that John had to be killed. A good friend of John's protested, saying he couldn't believe John was a traitor. We gave the man two days to investigate the matter. At the next meeting, he sadly confirmed the allegations against John. Our decision now was final—John would have to be killed.

Corrie's Prayer

Corrie couldn't accept that. "Gentlemen, we still have one weapon we should use before the gun," she said. She asked us to follow her to another room in the house. All eight of us knelt with her as she prayed: "Lord, we have come to this terrible decision. But we pray you to show us this does not need to be done. Like Gideon, we ask a token from you. If, before Monday, no one is taken prisoner anymore, we will assume that you have worked in the heart of John for the good of others."

The arrests stopped.

Not long after this experience, we had to make another decision about whether or not to kill a person. At the request of a local widow, we were called to a secret meeting, this time away from the B.J., which had recently been raided by the enemy. We came together to talk about Mary, who had been a guest at the B.J. She was a fragile, little woman who clearly looked Jewish. Mary and others had escaped from the Hiding Place during the raid, and she was now living in a safer place.

At least we thought it would be safe. But Mary was not wary of the danger that lurked around her. Though she was repeatedly warned not to do so, she would stand in front of the window of her new hiding place, where passersby could see her and recognize her as a Jewish woman.

Eventually Mary was arrested and locked up at the police department in Haarlem, where other victims of the B.J. raid had been taken. We knew what would happen. She would stay in the jail one night, then be transported the next day to the German Secret Service headquarters in Amsterdam, where she would be interrogated, then sent to a concentration camp.

Fragile Mary, who knew so many details about Underground workers, wouldn't stand a chance against the Nazis. The enemy would learn so much. So we struggled with what we should do about Mary. One of us could get into the police station and shoot her, but was it right for us to kill this frightened little woman for the sake of the group? In desperation we called a pastor and asked him for advice. We talked and prayed with him, searching for guidance.

Another Miracle

A miracle happened. We discovered that a policeman who was going to the S.S. headquarters the next morning was willing to help. He would take Mary out of her cell and escort her out of the station to safety if Resistance workers would provide a safe car he and Mary could escape in. He also wanted his wife and child to be escorted to a safe place during the night. So little Mary escaped again. Sadly, I learned later that she did not survive the war.

The Netherlands is currently commemorating the 50th anniversary of its liberation from the Germans. Dutch and Canadian people will stand side by side and view endless rows of crosses at war cemeteries. The crosses are monuments to people who gave their lives during the war so that we might live. Yet amid the atrocities of those years under a relentlessly cruel enemy, we witnessed miracles. And through those miracles, God became so very real.

Rev. Jac Geuzebroek is a member of Grace Christian Reformed Church in Scarborough, Ontario.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

A Canadian soldier details his role in the liberation of Europe.

by Jennie Visser

MY BROTHER, GAELE VISSER, served from 1942 to 1945 in the Algonquin Regiment of the Canadian army that helped liberate Europe. Here are excerpts from the more than 300 letters he wrote to family and friends back home:

August 24, 1944
The news from the front continues to be very encouraging. Buzz bombs are very destructive, but I was at least two miles away from where they hit. Well, cheerio, Gaele

August 25, 1944
Bill wants to go for a walk. There's a Salvation Army canteen nearby. There aren't any Christian men around to play our music like the men we found in Sussex. Write soon. Lots of love, Gaele

September 12, 1944
I am in France now. Need a bar of laundry soap, shaving cream, Gillette blades, and could you send the addresses of some Dutch relatives? Am longing to get to the bakery of Uncle Risselade in Sloten, Friesland, to get some creamy tarts. With love, G

September 21, 1944
I'm in the hospital—the fifth day now—where I have clean sheets. I've lost weight and feel like I float in the breeze when I walk, but otherwise I am well. Am thinking of your cozy kitchen and your wonderful cups of coffee. Love, Gaele

September 1944
Got your parcel while still in England. We shared it in a teahouse with the first milk I was able to drink since leaving Canada. I did some haying for the colonel's friend. The machines are smaller than ours. I placed bound straw on the hay loader with the assistance of many Ruths. Those girls work better than men. But where was Boaz? If he had been around, he wouldn't have employed me on Sunday. I long to get inside a church again. Love, Gaele

December 1944
One of my officers is thoroughly spoiled and unbelievably stupid. He is my officer, though, so I obey him. He said to me, "Visser, I hear you are a religious man." I said, "Yes, sir, and I'm not ashamed of my Bible or my faith." He appreciated my honesty but said he was too lazy to make a search into matters of faith. He was more bothered by the lady of the house where we were staying, who was a real cackler. One night the officer said, "Visser, that woman will direct artillery fire this way if she continues." I said, "I wish no harm to anyone, but a Spitfire through the attic window might inhibit the nightingale somewhat, and you are just the officer to direct such a convenience."
Cheers, Gaele

December 1944
Sunday we heard a lovely sermon in the historic church of Sprang, Gelderland, the Netherlands. It was based on Isaiah 59:20: The Redeemer will come to Zion to those in Jacob who repent of their sin, etc. At night we heard a sermon on Romans 13:12: Put away the deeds of darkness and put on the armor of light. The church was packed. I found a seat on the platform near the organ. After church we went to a home where we sang hymns. It was the best evening of music I've had since I left home.

Canadian Army Overseas

December 1944
This past Sunday, I could have gotten court-martialed. My officer had tried his best to get me a pass for the day, but the major refused on some very legal grounds. Fool as I was, I went off anyway on a 30-kilometer hike. Somewhere along the way, I turned the wrong way on a narrow road and, instead of reaching my objective, I came very close to enemy lines. When I discovered my mistake, I wheeled around and struck off for home camp. I was barely home when I got orders to pack up and go with the major to act as his interpreter in the place

where I had been headed on my bike. So I ended up where I wanted to go after all.

January 1945
From 10 a.m., we rounded up skulkers on the Veen-Winnethal road (on the Dutch-German border), checking myriads of cellars and hiding holes along the way. We tried to dislodge the enemy from a leather factory by using flame-throwing equipment. We heard the moans of the wounded, but we didn't gain complete surrender until nightfall. The last of the German army west of the Rhine River is fading.

February 21, 1945
With great expectation, I will send the next letter from enemy homeland again. We hope it will be the last city we go to. Then, Lord willing, we can come home. I may not be able to write you, but don't worry—I'm in the Lord's hands. Under his wings I am safely abiding. Write often. Lots of love, Gaele

February 23, 1945
I'm not conveniently housed, just flattened out in my slit trench. Hitler invited us to visit his "Vaterland" again. In our cavelike home away from home, we have dug a shelf to tuck our clothes into. My officer and I only wish for a roof. If we had that, we could adapt to our dwelling with fortitude. It's amazing what we creatures can dig in a minimum of time.

February 1945
We can see the Germans are suffering, but they brought this on themselves. Holland and Belgium are stripped of all cattle but dead ones. The German barns are full; horses of all kinds roam the pastures.

February 28, 1945
The more I see of Germany, the less I like it and the greater is my desire to see blue Canadian skies again. How thankful we should be that this holocaust has not reached Canada. War has no meaning. It affects so many innocent people. Now that I'm at the front again, I've become more hardened to the suffering. I don't know what awaits me here. But I do know Christ Jesus is my Redeemer. I belong to him, dear parents. He pleads for me daily and beams his light for me through war's darkness and danger. Lots of love, Gaele

February 1945
I think it's Sunday, but I don't know for sure. Every day is the same down here in the slit trench. It's cold. Some soldiers are trying to keep themselves warm around small fires, but they haven't had much success. Everything around here is blasted to pieces. It's good that we're dug into a high hill; otherwise we'd be flooded. Gradually we're getting used to the noise of guns. We can creep to the kitchen for coffee. I had two cups, but it robs me of sleep (the only two hours I can get). Every time I move, I get sand between my teeth.

March 1945
We're back in Holland again. Thanks for the beans and the chocolate in your parcel. We gave what we didn't use to our hostess, since I had to move again. Mrs. Bones wrote about the blessed event expected in February and said that whatever gender the baby is, it will be named Gaele. My friend Rollie (Mr. Bones) wrote, "What do you think of that luck, do you feel flattered, are your buttons flying off your uniform, is your tin hat still fitting your swelled head?"

We went to Winnethal, Germany, where we discovered that clearing houses of the enemy is very demanding. We need much ammunition, and the effort is carried out piecemeal. It's also costly in lives; there's an enemy at every window and in every hole.

We're recuperating in Holland, where it takes half the time to recover than elsewhere.

April 1945
On March 12 we retraced our steps through the demolished towns of Rechwald, Germany. The death pall of smoke hung

over the shattered Rhineland where so many people, friend and foe, have fallen. Our vehicles and equipment that were impossible to repair in the Rhineland had to be checked and rechecked. We were reorganized due to heavy losses and reequipped for battle duty. The major gave an informal talk and drilled us for the next combat. On Easter Sunday we were doused by an icy gale mixed with rain. We were impressed by how solid the twin bridges over the Rhine River were; they had to carry enormous loads of army traffic.

▲ Gaele and his sister Gert when he left Ontario on his last furlough. The family did not see him again.

April 1945

It was our luck to capture a place that the Germans had left in such a hurry that they left their dinner. There was chicken in the oven and potatoes ready on the stove. We had a grand meal, then inspected the files and equipment that were still in the cabinets and cupboards. I think the Germans feared the uprising of the underground Dutch forces because they heard we had crossed the Twenthe River a few miles from the German border. But the enemy was still in the southwest end of town, so some of us went to Wierden. My officer was wounded in that pursuit. We got lost that night, and several vehicles of the engineers were hit.

April 1945

We're in peat-bog country, where it's difficult to move army tanks. The farms here are occupied with machine guns, bazooka fire, slit trenches, and enemy occupants of the worst fanatical sort. I had a narrow escape. While I was escorting some Jerries (Germans) to safety, I almost got hit by a sniper. His shot got one of the lads I was escorting. With his last breath, the boy forced out the words, "Heil Hitler." It's scary. Gaele

April 10, 1945

We're still on the front lines. We saw two of Holland's most beautiful provinces, Gelderland and Overijssel. People here are dull with the pain of war. One man sat on a trunk, staring at the body of his wife, who was laid out in a pigpen. He was in shock. There are many pine forests here, and it's hilly, much more beautiful than the icy polder plains of Zeeland and Brabant. The North Hollanders are overjoyed with liberation. In one of the cities we received such an impressive welcome that we could hardly move forward. We had to witness the explosive drama of the punishment of members of the National Socialist Movement (Nazi sympathizers). The Dutch Resistance fighters brought these people into the town square, where they shaved the heads of men, women, and girls and painted swastikas on their bald heads. We told them to stop scalping their prisoners, and they did. I met people who know my relatives in Joure. I haven't slept for four days. Love, Gaele

April 13, 1945

A short while ago we liberated a concentration camp, which, from 1933, was rumored to be the scene of the greatest holocaust. Because so many prisoners had been moved by the time we got there, all we found were sick people and supervisors dressed in World War I battle uniforms. The prisoners all suffered from tuberculosis and other diseases I will not mention.

April 16, 1945

I am back deep in enemy territory. The country is very flat. Please let me know if you received my Victory bond. If I get a pass, I'll go to England. I should get some time off in two weeks. If Friesland has been liberated, I'll go there. Dad, a farmer in Almelo, Gelderland, told me he sent his milk to the same person you used to go to. The disadvantage of fighting in a canal is that the German side has the higher wall and they can shoot down at us. We move along blood-soaked ditches at night. The soil is soggy, and it's hard to move. If God wills, I'll write a little more next time. Until then, under his wings my soul shall abide. Love, Gaele

Postscript: Gaele Visser was killed in action April 23, 1945. He is buried in Holten Cemetery, Overijssel, the Netherlands, with other Canadian soldiers of World War II. Gaele Katherine Viola Bones, daughter of Gaele's friend Ronnie, is proud to carry his name.

Jennie Visser is a member of Calvin Christian Reformed Church, Dundas, Ontario.

The Day I Met My Dad

by Grace Armour

Peter Lootsma was in the Dutch Navy in World War II.

WE HAVE BEEN LIBERATED for two weeks. It seems strange. We see columns of bad soldiers being marched through the streets on their way to their home country. People sneer, laugh, and spit at them. I don't think that's very nice. They are not good soldiers, but that is still no way to treat other people.

It is late afternoon on a Sunday, and mother has gone to church with two of my brothers and one of my sisters. My oldest sister is in charge. She is kind of bossy, but we usually do what she tells us. Another of my sisters, my youngest brother, and I are in the attic. We are sifting the sand that we have kept in the house during the war to put out fires if we were bombed. It is fun, and we are having a good time playing with it.

All of a sudden, we hear four loud bangs, one after the other. We look out of the attic window and see a black limousine in front of our house. Four men in black coats and hats are looking at the car's tires, which are flat. We watch them for a little while but then continue with our sifting game. We were never allowed to play with

the sand before, so we are enjoying doing it now. My brother decides he wants to investigate what's going on downstairs, so he leaves. My sister and I continue with our fun.

Then my oldest sister yells upstairs, "Come down, you two! Father has come home." We look at each other. Father? Who is that? We don't have one. So we continue sifting sand. Now my brother comes up and yells at us to come down immediately. We finally decide that we'd better do as we are told, so we slowly come down from the attic and then take the main staircase to the ground floor.

▲ The Lootsma family reunited after the war: (from left) Wayne (now deceased), Peter, Anne, Alice, Henk, mother Grace, daughter Grace (now Armour), Els, and Ed.

Reunited with a Strange Dad

There we find a very handsome man in a decorated uniform. He says, "Aren't you going to say hello?" I say, "Hello, Uncle" because he looks like my Uncle Jaap (my dad's brother) who stayed with us on and off during the war. My sister says: "Hello, sir." My father says, "I am not your uncle or your sir. I am your father." And with that, he gives us each a kiss.

Where has this man come from?

In the meantime, Mother is sitting in church. The rumor that father has returned spreads fast. One of the elders of the church comes to mother and whispers that her husband has returned from the war. Right away she gets up and leaves. A few minutes later both my brothers and my sister also leave and follow her.

NOW THIS STRANGE MAN IS TAKING OVER MY MOTHER'S JOB AND ORDERING US AROUND!

Everyone seems to be happy to see father. He takes us all into the library and makes us kneel on the straw that covers the floor in that room. For one hour he prays, and we thank God for his safe return and our reunion. But I pay little attention to all the thanks because all I can think about is the pain in my bony knees. I had no idea I even had a father, and now this strange man is taking over my mother's job and ordering us around.

Father has brought us all Hershey chocolate bars, which we eat very slowly, savoring every bite. He has also brought us all gifts. Somehow he forgot that he has seven children, so he gives me his toothbrush.

War Hero

Father is considered a war hero, and everyone in town comes and stands outside of our home to catch a glimpse of him. Dignitaries from all over come to see him, and they bring extravagant gifts. Father is so busy that we seldom see him. We sit on the wide staircase to catch a glimpse of him coming down the stairs. He says, "Why are you kids sitting here, cluttering up the staircase? Can't you sit somewhere else?" We say we want to see what he looks like. We know he feels guilty for yelling at us.

Father invites two Canadian soldiers to live with us. We have to give up one of our bedrooms, but we gladly do that for the good soldiers. These soldiers do not come in the middle of the night and take our mattresses or anything else they want from our home. Instead, they bring us food and share our family life with us. I especially like one of the soldiers. He has a hairy chest, and I have never seen anything like that before. I tell him that I will marry a man with a hairy chest.

After some weeks, the stream of visitors slows down.

Father has been in the Dutch Navy, taking military supplies across the oceans. Because of his wartime worries, he has developed ulcers. He has to go on a special diet. He cannot stand to look at the bread we are eating. It is black, and he says it looks like black field dirt ground into flour.

Even though it is hard for me to accept my father immediately, especially because I thought I never had one, it is good to see my mother happy. It is also nice to be like all the other children and have a mother and a father.

I thank God that he made it possible for my father to come back. He has helped make the bad soldiers go away.

God has been good to us.

Grace Armour is a member of Covenant Christian Reformed Church, Grand Ledge, Mich.

Tell Us About the War

by Annette Tensen

WAR STORIES. Thousands of stories must have been written and published about life and death during World War II. They've probably found their way into print in 100 languages. Even if I made it my career, I couldn't read them all.

For each of the stories that people have written down, there must be thousands that have been told again and again. And for each of those stories—the family legends—there are probably tens of thousands of tales that have been told just once, and millions that have never been told at all.

Some of those millions died on dying lips during World War II. Millions of other stories die because lips could never tell what the heart and mind will carry to the grave, even 50 years later.

Perhaps we do well to leave some stories untold. Then only the one who knows the story needs to live with, deny, forget, or make some meaning out of the memories of unspeakable dread, horror, anger, fear, hate, and senselessness that come with war.

Yet we do need to hear war stories of courage, selflessness, loyalty, and the power of love for family and country—just as we need to listen to the stories of treason, betrayal, and atrocities toward civilians and prisoners of war.

We need to hear the stories of the seemingly mundane that coexisted with the life-and-death dramas of the battlefields, nuclear bombs, and resistance movements. We should know about the daily pressures of stretching rationed food for growing children, of making pacts within families not to mention food so that everyone wouldn't be reminded of the gnawing hunger.

We need to hear about how people immersed themselves in the tasks of daily living—working in the factory, praying while knitting an old sweater into socks. We should be told about days of blue skies and skipping, singing children and mothers wondering whether they would see their husbands again.

Each story is as different as the person telling it or holding it. A person's experience of World War II depended on so many different factors: nationality, age, gender, faith, community, marital status, friends, rural or urban life, who in the family lived or died, what one saw and heard, what one did, and what stories one told. Yet even with such varied experiences, the words *the War* (or, in Dutch, *oorlog)* seem to have a bonding effect. Shared critical events can connect people to each other with an intensity that those who have not shared the events can't understand.

Coaxing the Story Forth

However interested we may be in someone's story, it is that person's choice to tell or not to tell. Curiosity should not intrude or invade. Yet a gentle question and genuine interest is sometimes all that's needed to get a story started.

I wonder whether grandchildren are perhaps the best people to encourage the telling of war stories. Maybe the 50 years since the war ended in Europe have given enough distance to the experience that telling doesn't bring on the nightmares it may have 40 years ago. "Oma, please tell us again about the day the Nazis found the radio." "Grandpa, what kind of a gun did you use? Did you drive a tank?" "Was it really soda crackers that the Canadians dropped in pillowcases from the sky after the Liberation?"

However interested we may be in someone's story, it is theirs to tell or leave unspoken.

Children want the details, of course. It's the details that give stories life and reveal unspoken feelings. War stories dramatically reveal the big themes of life and death, which is why we need to hear them. The memories of those who have lived before us give us hope for ourselves and for those who follow.

These stories lived by others shape our lives. They can make a difference in how we live out our own stories. Stories of fear and courage, of love and hate, of bitterness and forgiveness, of faith and despair reflect the stuff that life is made of. If we who are younger would be willing to hear them and heed them, perhaps more stories would cross the long-silent lips that need to tell them.

I can feel immobilized if I think about the millions of untold stories from World War II. But then I remind myself that God keeps all stories, told and untold. And God's own story intersects in one mysterious way or another with each story, of wars past and present, of struggles and victories without and within. And God the Storymaker threads love into those stories, weaving them into the book of life.

Check Out the Synagogue

by Joanne E. De Jonge

The synagogue's been so crowded every time we've been there that we haven't really seen it. Let's go up there now, when we're not having a worship service, and look around.

Something Special

Before we go in, take a look at the outside. It's large, isn't it? This synagogue is larger and fancier than most synagogues in Galilee. That black stone it's made from is called basalt. It comes from right around here. Measure a wall; it's almost 4 feet (1 meter) thick—solid stone. Even the floor is basalt! Here's a walkway. Let's follow it past the extra rooms and around the corner. Look, we've found the pool for ritual cleansing and the place to wash our hands and feet. Peek into this large room. The pillars that line it hold up a balcony. And look at that fine carving on each pillar! Now let's go inside.

In the Sanctuary

You've already been here for services. The three doors in the right-hand wall face Jerusalem. That curtain on the other end covers a closet where we keep our ark, a chest that contains the sacred scrolls.

Come sit on these benches that face the platform. When we've been here for services, we've always sat behind the pillars or in the balcony because these better seats were already taken. Today we can see well.

Now we're facing the platform, where most of the service takes place. The reader always stands behind that high stand and spreads the scroll out on it. The lamps are near that stand for light. The low benches behind the stand are choice seats for the elders (like Jairus, our neighbor) and honored guests. They face us.

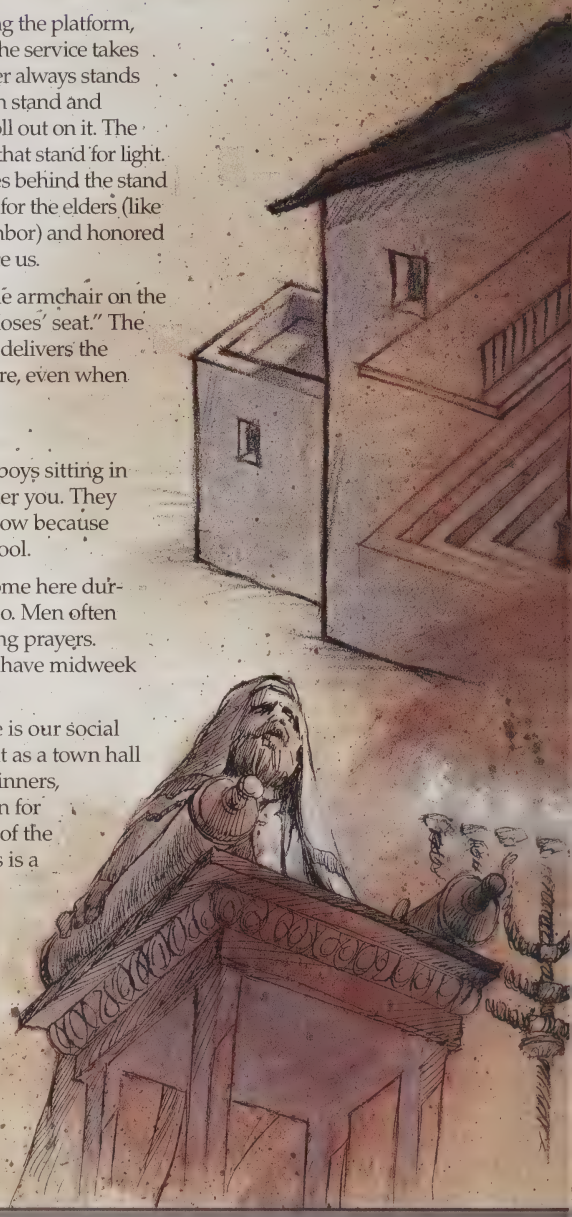
That fancy stone armchair on the platform is "Moses' seat." The wise man who delivers the sermon sits there, even when he's preaching.

Who's There?

Don't let those boys sitting in the corner bother you. They are here right now because this is their school.

Many adults come here during the week too. Men often come for evening prayers. Sometimes we have midweek meetings here.

Our synagogue is our social center. We use it as a town hall for meetings, dinners, sometimes even for floggings. One of the attached rooms is a guest room for travelers.



In the Synagogue

1. Why do you think Capernaum's synagogue may have been larger and better built than some? Luke 7:1-5
2. Who sat in Moses' seat? Matthew 23:2
3. Why was Moses' seat such a place of honor? Matthew 23:3
4. Where else do you think the Pharisees liked to sit? Be specific. Luke 11:43
5. Where in the synagogue, exactly, do you think Jesus was when he read from the scroll of Isaiah? Luke 4:16
6. Where did he go after he read from the scroll? Luke 4:20

A Home for God

by Joanna M. Bailey

DAY 1

Read Together: Exodus 25:1-22, 29:44-46

Listen Together

Most of us have choices about what our homes look like. Perhaps you chose the color of your curtains or bedspread. You might have posters or pictures you like hanging on the walls in your bedroom. If I visited your room, I might find a favorite baseball cap, a book you enjoy reading, or a favorite doll or toy. When I was growing up, I enjoyed spending time in my room. It was a comfortable place, and I felt at home in it.

Think about all the different kinds of places where people can live. We can live in houses with many rooms and lots of space. We can live in apartment buildings with few rooms and little space. If we are camping, we live in tents or campers. I have lived in apartments, houses, tents, and dormitories. In our lifetimes, we may live in many different kinds of places. In each place, we make the spaces our homes.

God has lived in many places and will live in many new places in the future. Sometimes God's homes are temporary, and other times God's homes are permanent. God is not limited to living in our church buildings. Like us, God can have many homes.

Talk Together

Today's Bible reading talks about an ark that contained the Ten Commandments God gave to Moses. It also talks about the tabernacle, which was a big, fancy tent where the ark stayed. As the Israelites traveled, the ark went with them. The ark reminded them that God lived with them. How can we take God with us wherever we go? What objects remind us that God lives with us?

Pray Together

Each day of the week, think about the different places where God can live. Thank God for always wanting to live with us and be near us. Ask God to show you ways to live with God and welcome God into your home. Invite Christ to sit at your dinner table, and make room for him in your home.

Sing Together

Sing "Built on the Rock," *Psalter Hymnal* no. 503.

DAY 2

Read 2 Chronicles 2:1, 5:1-14.

Solomon spent many years and lots of money on the temple he built for the Lord. He created a permanent and wonderful place for the ark to stay. Many people traveled to visit the temple and to be in the presence of God. Think about some permanent places where you think God lives. What do they look like? Do you have a special place where you go to be with God?

DAY 3

Read John 10:31-39 and 1 Corinthians 3:16-17.

God is so wonderful that we cannot limit the places where God can live. Where does Jesus live, and where does Jesus say God the Father lives? What was difficult for the Jews to understand? How do we know that God lives in us as well? Why does God want to live in us?

DAY 4

Read Matthew 16:13-20 and Ephesians 2:13-22.

Jesus asked 12 people to be apostles so that he could teach them how to take care of the church after he died. Why does Jesus refer to Peter as a rock? Who is the household of God? How can you be a building block for God's home? If these Bible passages aren't talking about a real building, what does the household of God look like? Are you a part of it?

DAY 5

Read Acts 14:24-28, 1 Corinthians 16:19, and Philemon 1:1-2.

These verses tell us about the places early Christians met to worship. They did not have buildings they could call churches. What would a worship service look like in your house? There are many kinds of church buildings. Talk about some of the different places where people worship and learn about Christ.

LORD OF THE UNKNOWNS

"Dear Mrs. Hiskes,"
the letter from the Department of the Army
read, "This office wishes to furnish you
information concerning the final determination
which has been made in the case of your brother,
the late First Lieutenant Clarence Schurman, who,
aboard A-20 #43-22065, failed to return from
a bombing mission
to Ahutte, Germany
on 25 December
1944.

"Two
crew members
survived the crash
and subsequently returned to Military Control.
Captured German records which have been translated and extensively
cross-indexed record the crash of his plane
at Luxembourg, but fail to indicate
a burial location for
your brother's
remains.

Dear Father—
of sparrows and lost children,
hear this prayer for Clarence, my brother,
thy lost child . . .

"The Graves
Registration Service of the Army
has attempted to recover and identify
his remains. However, the investigations were not
successful. All unknowns were recovered and examined
by an accredited anthropologist utilizing advanced scientific
and technical procedures in an attempt to identify one
of these unknowns
as your
brother.

Thou hast promised that if we climb up to heaven,
thou art there; and if we go down to hell,
thou art there also . . .

"However,
no unknown
could be associated with him.
After full consideration of the pertinent facts of this case,
the Department of the Army has found it necessary
to determine that the remains
of your brother are not
recoverable.

And if we take the wings of the morning,
and remain in the uttermost parts of the sea;
even there shall thy hand lead us
and thy right hand hold us . . .

"Realizing the extent of your great loss,

Our bones are not hid from thee . . .

it is regretted

In thy book were all our members written . . .

that there is no grave at which to pay homage.

Dear Lord of the Unknowns . . .

May the knowledge of

Clarence, my brother . . .

your brother's honorable service to his country

is lost—
O God,
hear my cry!

be a source of sustaining comfort

Give me, I pray,
the grace to believe
he is known, body
and soul,
to you.

to you."

Amen.

—Mark Hiskes

How Little Kees Survived Prison Camp

Amid the hunger and pain of an Indonesian prison camp, Kees hung on tight to his mom. And he dreamed of Jesus feeding the 5,000.

▲ Hendrick and Marie Ter Haar with their children, Alida and Kees, before their imprisonment.

THE SUN MELTED IN THE SKY OVERHEAD, and the air stifled him like a warm, wet blanket, but Kees endured. He had stood for hours beside his mother, leaning gently against her, a knot of the fabric of her dress clutched tightly in his small hand. The hard-packed ground of the prison compound burned beneath his bare, calloused feet, but still he endured.

Kees's older sister, Alida, stood on the other side of their mother. Alida's eyes were glazed, and she twirled a lock of hair around her finger and sucked the back of her hand. Around them stood jagged rows of women, some with children at their feet. They had long given up any pretence of standing at attention. They wilted in the simmering heat. Kees heard only soft whimpering. Even the children were too exhausted to cry. Occasionally someone fainted or vomited and was unceremoniously pulled to the side of the prison yard to wait it out. The hours crawled by, and still they stood.

TOO MUCH OF KEES'S SHORT LIFE HAD BEEN SPENT STANDING IN LINE IN THE CENTER OF THE COMPOUND.

The year was 1945. The Bangkinang concentration camp on the Indonesian island of Sumatra was all Kees knew of life. In 1942, when Japanese forces occupied the East Indies, Kees's father was a sergeant major in the Dutch Colonial Army. His father was immediately captured and taken to a prisoner-of-war camp.

Kees's mother was left to survive on her own with a baby and a toddler. Although she desperately sought to escape with her children, they, too, were taken prisoners. They were taken from their home in the town of Bukittinggi and sent north by truck to the Bangkinang prison camp. There they were interned with other Dutch women and children, some English women and children, and a few Americans.

Mother, His Only Security

At almost 4 years of age, all Kees knew of the world was the camp. It was a world surrounded by a high bamboo fence that blotted out a view of the lush, green jungle surrounding the camp and the road beyond the locked gates. It was a world of hunger, filth, and fear. Kees remembered nothing of the security and comfort of his home in Bukittinggi. Now his mother was the center of his world. All his faith was in her; she was his only security.

So Kees stood beside his mother and waited. Someone, no one knew who, had broken one of the camp's numerous rules.

As punishment, the guards mustered out all the occupants of the barracks to stand at attention under the blazing sun. This was a common occurrence. The prisoners were always committing some infraction of the regulations. Some were trivial; some were serious.

The guards also subjected them to endless roll calls. Any time, day or night, the prisoners could be commanded to take their positions in the center of the compound while the guards struggled to make the prisoner count come out correct. The counts occurred regularly, even though no one had ever escaped. To attempt to flee into the jungle was a tantalizing thought, but all realized that it was madness. Death would be almost certain.

But still the guards counted over and over again. To protect each other, the women had devised a system by which someone else would call out for a woman who was too weak or sick to appear for the roll call. The guards were constantly confused. They had a terrible time with the numbers.

Too much of Kees's short life had been spent standing in line in the center of the compound.

Alida and Kees Ter Haar reunited after the war.

Tears Among the Sweet Potatoes

After what seemed to Kees to be endless hours in the sun, the prisoners were permitted to return to their barracks. Kees clutched his mother's hand tightly; Alida clasped her other hand. Kees's great fear was to have his mother out of his sight. When her hands were too busy to hold, he grasped the hem of her dress in his fist. Every day, though, she left her children when she went to work outside the compound in the vegetable garden. She left them in the care of a friend whose heart was not strong enough to endure the heavy physical labor of jungle gardening.

This separation from their mother filled Kees and Alida with apprehension. Yet the two children were resigned to what had to be. They were desperate for food, and they knew that outside of the few spoonfuls of gritty rice they were given at each meal, the vegetable garden provided their only sustenance. Hunger was their constant companion, and the search for food was unrelenting. Because of the lack of nourishing food, Kees at 4 years of age and Alida at a little more than 5 were far smaller than most children their age. Their mother struggled to provide adequate food for them, often sharing her meager rations with them, too hungry herself to watch them eat.

After the long hours spent standing in the compound, Kees's mother walked slowly through the gate and up the hill to the garden. There she worked with her bare hands, back aching, nurturing the precious plants that meant life for her, her children, and the others. She faced overwhelming responsibilities. The survival of her children depended upon her. She worried that after the years of inadequate food and care their bodies would never be strong and healthy. She feared that their spirits would be broken, their souls turned hard and bitter. She did not know if her husband was alive or dead.

Her tears fell among the sweet-potato plants. Even in her weeping, she prayed. All her waking hours were filled with prayer. She begged God for strength to bear the unbearable, for protection for her children, for his care and mercy for all of them.

A Dream of Fish and Bread

At the end of her grueling day, she returned to the barracks and her waiting children. They ate their small supper. Then, their eyes aglow, the children watched as their mother carefully unwrapped the cloth that covered their most precious possession, a treasure of incalculable worth. It was her marriage Bible, now stuffed with family photos and documents. Kees and Alida drew close to her. Kees begged for his favorite story, the one he had heard countless times before, the story of Jesus feeding the 5,000.

In the growing dusk, other women and children gathered around. Kees's mother turned to the book of Mark, the sixth chapter, and read again of the supper of five loaves and two fish, in which the 5,000 ate their fill. Kees loved to think about it—leftovers, 12 baskets overflowing with the surplus, and everyone had eaten their fill. It was enough food to feed the whole camp for a week! Leftovers! It was beyond his imagining. As sleep overtook Kees, his fingers, like flower petals, unfurled and relaxed their hold on his mother. He dreamed of fish and bread.

But his mother read on as long as the light lasted. She was fed by the Word, filled to overflowing with it. Even in her suffering, she felt herself and her children held gently and tenderly in her heavenly Father's hands. Body exhausted, mind despairing, spirit struggling, she drifted to sleep as she always did, with a prayer on her lips and in her heart. For that moment in the sweet stillness of the night, peace settled over a prison camp in the jungles of Sumatra.

Postscript: Kees's family, the Ter Haars, survived the war and were reunited in August 1945, when Japan surrendered to the Allies and the prison camps were liberated.

Ruth Ter Haar is married to Kees Ter Haar. She is a member of Fuller Avenue Christian Reformed Church, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Photo: Emmy Andriesse/Cas Oorthuys, *Holland and The Canadians*

THE MANNA MIRACLE OF WORLD WAR II

by Herb Koedoot

THE ALLIED BOMBERS FLEW LOW—about 150 feet above the ground. To a 9-year-old, it was awesome! I could see the crews shoving out boxes and bags through the opened bomb-bay doors.

But these were not bombs—they were packages of food badly needed by the starving citizens of the Netherlands in the last weeks of World War II. They were landing in the pasture just 1,000 feet from our house. I could hear the thuds plainly. Everyone in our village, Kralingseveer, was out on the street, waving. That April 29, 1945, was the noisiest Sunday afternoon of my young life. It was much like today's air shows, except this was for real.

The German soldiers stood by, looking numb. They had their rifles, but they did not shoot at the planes. I figured that now was the time for them to shoot, if ever. They could not miss. But they only watched. Later I saw these same troops guarding the food that the Allies had dropped. I had many questions about this whole thing. But nobody knew the answers.

Now, 50 years later, I have gotten the answers to my questions. I learned from the war archives in Rotterdam why the Germans didn't shoot and why they didn't confiscate the food that was dropped. I learned who organized the drop and carried it out directly in the face of danger. Here's how it happened.

The Dutch were starving. So in the last days of the war, the Germans and the Allies worked together to bring them food.

The Hunger Winter

In September 1944, the Germans stopped all trains in Holland, cutting off the western cities of Holland from the food-growing areas. The result was untold misery for Holland's city dwellers. More than 3 million of them will always remember the winter of 1944-1945 as the "hunger winter."

Soon after the train embargo began, the situation in cities like Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and The Hague started to decay. It did not take long for stores to empty completely. Soon nothing was left on any shelf in any store. People began eating things like sugar beets and tulip bulbs.

Pets were not safe on the street. Dogs and cats just disappeared. Horses that died during bombing raids were cut up right on the spot. Our bakery tried to produce a product that resembled bread but failed. No wonder . . . it had everything in it but flour.

To get food, many people walked and biked from the cities to the farms. But as they returned, German soldiers would take

whatever they had managed to scrounge. The Germans were also becoming hungry because the Allies had surrounded them in an advance that began in September 1944. That advance had cut off the cities from the food supply, but it had also cut off the German supply trains.

The Germans were still in control, though. Dutch cities were covered with anti-aircraft gun emplacements. The situation seemed without hope. By March of 1945, many people were dying in the streets. Malnutrition was rampant, and caloric intake was rationed to 500 calories per day.

By April 1945, some people in our village were starting to bloat. They would look fat for a day or two, but they were destined to die. I remember saying to Mom, "You should see Mr. Bloem, Mom, he sure is getting fat. Is he going to die too?" Mom would hush us up, too scared to tell us the truth. We were always hungry and would ask her for food. Then she would say, "Child, there is no more."

Photo: Hans Sibbelee, *Holland and The Canadians*

A Job for Superman

Feeding our family of nine was a job that only a superhuman could do. Our Dad was Superman. After curfew, he went out by rowboat and got us potatoes from the country, using the river rather than the roads. Roads were patrolled by the Germans.

The harsh winter weather made things even more difficult. Because there was no coal for heat, people cut down every tree in our village. Our policeman told us it was against the law to cut down public trees. But after a while he, too, was cutting down good-sized trees. After all, he also had to cook for his family and heat his house. Dad and I spent quite a few days digging under the rails in the railroad bed for pea-sized pieces of coal until we had a small pailful. That was one small benefit from not having the trains running. We could sit on the tracks undisturbed.

It wasn't just the parents who looked for food. The Maas River supplied the kids with millions of minnows. We had never seen so many minnows in the river. We caught them with an old bicycle-wheel rim that had burlap stretched over it. Of course, they were too small to clean, so we fried them up whole—head, guts, and all. It was food, but I remember well that we did not like the idea of eating the whole minnow. Yet I know that the largest-ever quantity of minnows that March and April was a miracle. God used nature to feed starving people.

Meanwhile, unknown to us, members of the Dutch Underground had broken through the German lines and made it safely to the Allied forces. According to the war archives, their report of the situation in the cities was taken directly to Prince Bernard of the Netherlands, who was with the Allied advance. The Underground agents were quickly flown to England, where they told their story again, to Prime Minister Winston Churchill. Bernard passed the information to Gen. Dwight Eisenhower, commander in chief of the Allied forces.

Eisenhower suggested a food drop. But to make it work, he needed armed control and supervision on the ground. Otherwise, black-marketers would get the food, and riots would start. German soldiers would have to be the armed supervision.

On April 24, 1945, Eisenhower got permission from the U.S. government to make contact with the Germans in western Holland. The Germans agreed to meet with the Allies, but they did not have much enthusiasm for the proposed food drop because Royal Air Force planes would be able to see all their defensive positions around the cities. They thought that the whole plan might be a trick.

They agreed, however, to a meeting on April 26. Canadian soldiers picked up the Germans in a designated no-man's-land and took them, blindfolded, to the village of Achterveld, about 20 miles into Allied territory. Here the two sides decided that they would have another meeting on April 28. At this meeting, higher-ranking officials could decide on the proposed food drop and drop zones.

THOSE CREWS PUT THEIR LIVES ON THE LINE TO FEED HOLLAND'S HUNGRY MILLIONS.

On April 28, the negotiators decided to sign official papers for the drop on May 2. But the Royal Air Force did not wait for official permission. The weather, which had been bad, cleared on April 29, and 239 bombers, each loaded with food, started across the English Channel. They were accompanied by a few Mosquito scout planes. Some of the crews were not happy about flying right into the German anti-aircraft gun emplacements. After all, there was no agreement on paper. The bombers were completely unarmed, and this could easily be a German trap to get the RAF's planes into close range. The RAF crews put their lives on the line to feed Holland's hungry millions.

The courageous crews in those 239 bombers dropped 504 tons of desperately needed food right at our doors. On April 30 they came back with yet another 1,250 tons of food. "Operation Manna" was a huge success.

I was just 9 years old on that Sunday afternoon. I'm now 59. Many times I have remembered that meal of a lifetime. Often I have thought of the good Samaritans who worked and dared to help me and millions like me. Being hungry is being helpless. Operation Manna fed us. It was truly manna from heaven.

Herb Koedoot is a member of Ferrysburg (Mich.) Christian Reformed Church.

THE BANNER

Advertising Rates & Information

Address all advertising communications to: The Banner, Attn.: Judy Bronsink, 2850 Kalamazoo Ave. SE, Grand Rapids, MI 49560; phone: (616) 246-0725; FAX: (616) 246-0834.

Deadline: All advertising is due Thursday 12:00 noon, 18 days prior to the publication date.

Charge: The charge for anniversaries, obituaries, sympathy resolutions, teacher ads, announcements (including birthdays), and classified ads is $750 US/$865 CDN per line or fraction of a line. 3-line minimum charge of $22.50US /$2595 CDN. Box number or photo, $1500 US /$17.25 CDN additional. For display (boxed) ad rates, please call. Rate card available upon request. Withhold payment for advertising until an invoice is received.

The publication of advertisements implies neither endorsement nor approval by *The Banner*, CRC Publications, or the Christian Reformed Church.

Denominational and Classical Announcements

Call Extended

Allen Ave., Muskegon, MI, Rev. Ronald J. Klimp of Falmouth, MI

Call Declined

Highland, Marion, MI, Rev. Scott Los of Elmhurst, IL

Calls Accepted

Bethel, Lacombe, AB, Rev. Kirk Mac Neil of Lindsay, ON

Christian Labour Association of Canada in Edmonton, AB, Rev. Dick Heinen of Red Deer, AB

New Address

Rev. Ronald D. Baker, 2300 Wellesley, Lansing, MI 48910; ph. (517) 371-7148

Candidates for the Ministry

Ekkelenkamp, Sidney Ronald, #101, 5103 - 35th Ave. SW, Calgary, AB T3E 6L9; ph. (403) 246-4689

Ryou, Ho-Young, 508 University Village, Salt Lake City, UT 84108; ph. (801) 583-9038

Calvin Seminary Board To Meet

The Board of Trustees of Calvin Theological Seminary will meet on Thurs., May 25 at 8 a.m. and following days in the Board Room of the Commons.

Elmer J. Walcott, Secretary

Declared A Candidate

At the February 16, 1995 meeting of Classis Georgetown, Dr. Jeff Stam was declared a candidate for the ministry of the Word in the Christian Reformed Church. Having received a call from Ridgewood Christian Reformed Church to serve as Associate Pastor of Friendship Chapel, Dr. Stam will be examined for ordination at the May 18, 1995 meeting of Classis Georgetown. Robert Heerspink, S.C.

CALL TO SYNOD 1995

The council of Twelfth Avenue Christian Reformed Church, Jenison, Michigan, hereby calls all duly elected delegates to Synod 1995 to meet in the Fine Arts Center auditorium on the campus of Calvin College, Grand Rapids, Michigan, on Tuesday morning, June 13, at 9 o'clock.

The prayer service for Synod 1995 will be held on Monday evening, June 12, 1995, at 8 o'clock in the Twelfth Avenue Christian Reformed Church located at 7581 Twelfth Avenue, Jenison, Michigan. Twelfth Avenue Christian Reformed Church has been designated as the convening church for Synod 1995. Rev. Calvin Bolt, pastor, will be in charge of the prayer service.

All of our churches are requested to remember the synod in their intercessory prayers on Sunday, June 4, and on Sunday, June 11.

Council of Twelfth Avenue CRC

Church Positions Available

The Almond Valley Christian Reformed Church of Ripon, CA is seeking applications for a full-time Youth Director. For further information and job description, please write or call Mr. Robert Smits at 1121 S. Vera Ave., Ripon, CA 95366; (209) 599-2535 (days) or 599-2204 (eves.). 18

MINISTER OF YOUTH—First Visalia Christian Reformed Church of Visalia, CA, a church committed to ministering to its youth, is seeking candidates for a position that will allow for some individual expression of gifts and qualifications. The person's primary responsibility would be to set and give direction for a viable youth ministry. Qualifications may vary. We're looking for the right person! Other areas of service can and will be explored. We're looking for someone with some vision and flexibility. Please request further information and submit resumés to Recruitment Committee, Stu Veltkamp, Chairman, c/o First Visalia, 1030 S. Linwood, Visalia, CA 93277; ph. (209) 625-0444, fax (209) 625-0259. eow

Plymouth Heights Christian Reformed Church of Grand Rapids, MI is seeking a Minister of Youth and Education. 25 hours per week. Call the church office at (616) 243-5638 for copy of job description. 20

MUSIC DIRECTOR - A part-time position involving worship planning and choir directing. We enjoy traditional and contemporary styles of worship with an emphasis on community outreach. For more information, please contact: West Leonard CRC, Worship Committee, 1053 Leonard St. NW, Grand Rapids, MI 49504. 18

The Classis of Northern Michigan of the Reformed Church in America is accepting resumés from individuals who will share the vision of a unique new church starting with an existing core group in Oceana County. Do you know what a *metachurch* is? Are you non-traditional? Could you plan a seeker-sensitive, celebrative worship? Is evangelism your top priority? Are you ordained? Could you enjoy being close to the shore of beautiful Lake Michigan? If you hear a resounding "Yes!" in your heart, please send your resumé to Rev. Lee Ausema, Chm. of the Classical Ministries Committee of Northern Michigan Classis, 605 Hemlock St., Fremont, MI 49412. 17

Calvin Christian Reformed Church of Holland, MI is seeking a full-time Director and Leader of Youth and Community Outreach. This person will serve the needs of the young people by being a spiritual leader, creating enthusiasm, and by giving direction to youth programs and social events. This person will spearhead Calvin Church's community outreach programs and activities while giving leadership and direction to effective church programs and ministries. This person must be a dynamic, progressive, and motivated Christian person who will have good communication skills which will be utilized in a preaching capacity. For a church profile and position outline please send a resumé and cover letter to: Calvin Christian Reformed Church, c/o Kevin Kammeraad, 1295 Seminole Drive, Holland, MI 49424. 24

First Jenison CRC in Jenison, MI is in need of a Senior Choir Director starting in Sept. of '95. Please contact Jack Hager at (616) 457-0815. 19

FULL-TIME NON-ORDAINED YOUTH POSITION AVAILABLE. Responsibilities include developing and supervising programs for youth from 4th grade through post-high. Also to be responsible for the spiritual education of Junior and Senior High students through the whole church program. Experience preferred. Job description available upon request. Please send resumé to Zion Reformed Church, 4457 36th St. SW, Grandville, MI 49418, marked "Youth Position." 20

Hollandale CRC in Hollandale, MN seeks a new pastor. Please send inquiries and profile to: Bill Brouwer, Search Committee, RR 1, Box 52, Hollandale, MN 56045 or call 1-507-889-6381 (eves). 19

The Campus Ministry Committee invites applications for the position of UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO CAMPUS CHAPLAIN in downtown Toronto. The Campus Minister will seek to develop a communal Christian witness at a large secular university and encourage growth and unity of faith and learning. We invite qualified men or women, ordained or unordained to apply as soon as possible to Jan de Koning, 20 Crispin Crescent, Willowdale, ON M2R 2V7.

Do Angels Exist?
What Are They Like?

Author Andrew Bandstra delves into Scripture to uncover everything you ever wanted to know about these special messengers of God. Do angels really exist? What do angels do? How do you tell a "good" angel from a "bad" one?

Using the Bible as his "textbook," Bandstra opens our eyes to the reality of angels as messengers and ministers who do God's will.

This book makes a careful and thorough study of angels that can both enlighten us and strengthen our faith.

#1315-2060B $10.50US/14.15CDN

To order *In the Company of Angels* for preview or purchase, contact:

PUBLICATIONS
1-800-333-8300 US
1-800-263-4252 CDN

We accept MasterCard (US only) and VISA. Shipping and handling fees will be added (10% or $2 min.; 5% if over $50). In US add state sales tax; in Canada add 7% for GST.

Youth Director—Bethel CRC of Waterdown, Ontario is seeking a part-time Youth Director. Send inquiries and resumés to: Bethel CRC, Attn. Erick Schuringa, Box 795, Waterdown, Ontario LOR 2HO; ph. (905) 689-3405, fax (905) 689-3554. 20

Director of Congregational Life—Second Christian Reformed Church of Lynden, WA is seeking applicants for an associate pastor. This ordained or unordained full-time position will focus on coordinating ministries, outreach and assimilation, and equipping each member for ministry. Direct inquiries to 710 Front St., Lynden, WA 98264 or call (360) 354-3961. 18

Guest Ministers

First Christian Reformed Church in Red Deer, AB would welcome ministers visiting in beautiful central Alberta this summer. If while you are here you are willing to preach, please call John Jonker at (403) 343-0639 or the church at (403) 346-5659. eow

Come Celebrate With Us!

With thanks to God, members of the CRC in Charlottetown, P.E.I. hope to celebrate their 40th year of existence on July 1 and 2, 1995. We invite you to our picnic and services of thanksgiving and praise. For more details contact: Bill and Tena De Haan, Long Creek, RR 2, Cornwall, P.E.I., Canada COA 1HO; fax (902) 892-5525. 17

Birthdays

96th Birthday

Matilda (Veltman) Bush of Rest Haven Care Center, 280 W. 40th St., Holland, MI 49423 celebrated her 96th birthday on May 2.

95th Birthday

Harry Thomasma, 512 Golden Dr., Kalamazoo, MI 49001 will celebrate his 95th birthday on May 13. His sons - Tom, Harold (Jinny), Ron, Doug (Marian), John (Sharye), Harry (Jane), grandchildren and great-grandchildren wish him a happy birthday and God's continued blessings.

Anniversaries

65th Anniversary

CRUSON—Congratulations to Pieter Jacobus and Magdalena Johanna (Cijsouw), (1930 Holland - 1995 Canada), on their 65th wedding anniversary on April 24, 1995. From their children - Marie and Frits de Leeuw (Regina, SK), Ella and Max Vanden Brink (Rocky Mt. House, AB), Izaak and Irene Cruson (Regina, SK), grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Mailing address: Gen. Del, Zehner, SK SOG 5KO.

60th Anniversary

HOEK—Peter and Elizabeth (Vander Veen), May 7, 12040 - 84th Ave., Allendale, MI 49401. Children: Marilyn and Bud Tanner, Jim and Bea Hoek. Grandchildren: Jon and Laureen Hoek, Jayne and Keith VerBeek, Jackie Hoek. Great-grandchildren: Sarah, Ryan, and Ross Hoek. Congratulations, we love you!

50th Anniversary

DE RAADT—Arie and Gre (Vander Lip), May 9, 2822 Harmony Grove Rd., Escondido, CA 92029. Children: Trudy and LeenWim Vander Luit, Willy and William Vander Woude, Nellie and Ron Bem, Cobie and Greg Tucker, Jake and Jacque De Raadt, and John and Joanne De Raadt; 19 grandchildren. An Open House will be held in their honor on May 9 from 12 to 3 p.m. at the Escondido Christian Reformed Church. Congratulations, Dad and Mom!

45th Anniversary

WASSENAR—Robert and Jean (Zeilstra), May 13, 11020 Raleigh, Westchester, IL 60153. Children: Sharon and Jack Eriks (Lisa, Jennifer and Elizabeth), Sandra and Andrew Kranenborg (Brian, Amy and Steven), Ronald and Cathy (Rachel, David), Linda and Verle Norris (Drew).

KNOW THY JOB OPTIONS.

Discover a surprising new world of opportunities. Your next job could be among the thousands available right now in Christian organizations. Find out where . . . from Intercristo. You'll receive an easy-to-use list of current openings that fit your unique skills and abilities. **Explore your possibilities with Intercristo.**

Call Intercristo! 1-800-426-1342

Intercristo
a ministry of CRISTA

The Christian Career Specialists
19303 Fremont Ave. N.
Seattle, WA 98133-3800

Yes, please send me information on Intercristo's Job Referral Service.

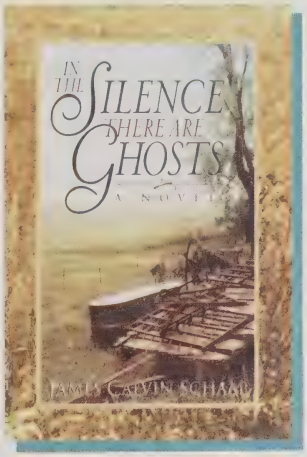
Name _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Publication _____

WISE & SUBTLE*



0-8010-8381-8 $11.99

BAKER
BOOKS
Baker Book House Co

"Using a manner and a setting that will remind many readers of *The Bridges of Madison County*, Schaap brings his sad heroine, Emily Doorn, back to her hometown of Neukirk, Iowa. . . . *Ghosts* is a wise, subtle piece of work."

— ***Booklist****

"*Ghosts* digs at the roots of faith to see how deep they really go. Moving through layers of surface and substance, James Schaap pursues the spiritual mystery at the bottom of all our lives."

— **Virginia Stem Owens**

"Schaap writes with both honesty and compassion about well-meaning but imperfect believers. . . . We need many more writers of Schaap's skill, courage, and insight."

— **Daniel Taylor**, Bethel College

James Calvin Schaap is professor of English at Dordt College and author of *Things We Couldn't Say*.

DORDT COLLEGE

Administrative Positions

Dordt College seeks to fill the following openings with highly qualified individuals who are committed to a Reformed, biblical perspective and educational philosophy.

Vice President for Student Affairs

Serving on the president's administrative cabinet and supervising the student affairs staff, the VPSA provides leadership for all functions of the student affairs office, including residence life, spiritual and personal counseling, co-curricular activities programming, and discipline. Ph.D. in appropriate field and significant related experience required. Send resumes and letters of inquiry by July 10 to Dr. Jasper Lesage, secretary of the VPSA Search Committee, by fax (712-722-1185), e-mail (lesage@dordt.edu) or mail, at the address below.

Computer Networking Technician

Responsible for the configuration, installation, and maintenance of the college's ethernet network. Applicants must possess a four-year degree in a computer-related field and knowledge of networking in a Novell and Unix environment. Please send resume and letter of inquiry by May 22 to David Netz, chief information officer, by fax (712-722-4498), e-mail (netz@dordt.edu) or mail, at the address below.

Dordt College is an equal opportunity employer and encourages application by women and minorities.

DORDT COLLEGE

498 4th Avenue NE • Sioux Center, Iowa 51250-1697 • 712-722-3771

CHRISTIAN REFORMED CHURCH IN NORTH AMERICA

YEARBOOK

Includes information about:
Classical Personnel and Statistics
Churches and Ministries
Ministers
Evangelists
Specialized Ministries
Deceased Ministers (Necrology)
Denominational Officers and Committees
Ministry share for 1995
Where to sent contributions

Please send _____ copies of the 1995 Yearbook to:

Regular Edition
#3219-9500B $6.50US/$8.45CDN
10 or more $5.85US/$7.60CDN
Spiral-bound
#3219-9501B $8.00US/$10.40CDN

Add 10 percent to your order (5 percent if your total is over $50.00) to cover shipping and handling fees; $2.00 minimum. Michigan residents add 6 percent sales tax. Canadian residents add 7% GST (#126032408).

Send orders to:
CRC **PUBLICATIONS**
2850 Kalamazoo SE
Grand Rapids, MI
49560-0001
1-800-333-8300
FAX: 616-246-0834

1995 Now Available

25th Anniversary

LAMMERS—Dr. Warren H. and Jobje (Hanegraaff), May 16, Box 386, Platte, SD 57369. Children: Paul, Mike and Sarah Verburg, Ruth, Rachel. Congratulations! To God be the Glory.

Condolences

The Council of the Emmanuel CRC of Calgary, AB extends Christian condolences to Jo-Ann Van Dyk, her children and grandchildren, on the death of our fellow elder, PIETER VAN DYK, on March 14, 1995. May our Lord, in whom Pieter confidently trusted, comfort and encourage you. *"I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever."*

Obituaries

DRENTH—Arthur, age 78, 3460 Saratoga, #145, Downers Grove, IL 60515. Wife: Marie (Hoekstra). Children: Arthur C. Drenth, Marianne Van Byssum. Grandchildren: A. Scott, Marcus A., Aaron M., Avery J. Drenth, Ryan J., Mark J., Nicole M. Van Byssum. Preceded by 3 sisters and 2 brothers.

MUDDE—John P. (Jan Pieter), age 66, April 10, 1995. Oak Lawn, IL. Wife: Carol (Klaske), nee Dijkstra. Children: Jack (Sandy), Ed (Diane), Renee (Scott) Driesenga, Paul (Lynn), Diane (the Rev. Gordon) Wiersma, Sheryl and Dan Mudde. Grandfather of 9, survived by 9 brothers and sisters.

ROSKAMP—Rachel Jane, age 1 day, March 2; Rebecca Kay, age 20 days, April 2; Luke Douglas, age 23 days, April 5. Premature infant children of Douglas and Jacqueline Roskamp, Holland, MI. Grandparents: David and Nancy Bos, Bud and EllaMae Roskamp.

HOFLAND—*"How beautiful are the feet of them who preach the gospel of peace!" Romans 10:15* — On April 13, 1995, our father, Rev. Abraham Bertus Cornelius Hofland peacefully went to be with his Lord. His beloved wife Annie, our mother, went before him. He is survived by his 5 children and their families: Ed and Joanne of Blenheim, ON, Jan and Sylvia of Hillegom, Netherlands, Bram and Ineke of Apeldoorn, Netherlands, Marianne and Rien Den Otter, temporarily in Thailand, normally of Prinsenbeek, Netherlands, Bert and Ati of Waterdown, ON, and 15 grandchildren and 4 great-grandchildren. *"Fear not for I have redeemed you; I have called you by name; you are mine...You are precious and honoured in my sight and I love you." Isaiah 43:1-4.*

VREEMAN—Jane Ann, age 43, went to be with her Lord on January 24, 1995, when she died unexpectedly of heart failure at her home in Lihue, Kauai, Hawaii. She was the daughter of Wilhelmina (Nickie) Vreeman of Muskegon, MI, and the late Dr. Gary Vreeman. Besides her mother, she is survived by 5 brothers and 4 sisters and their families—Wilhelmina (Willie) and Dave Ahrenholz of Bellingham, WA, Dr. Betty Vreeman of Muskegon, MI, Rev. Jerry and Cori Vreeman of Lansing, IL, Tom and Jacki Vreeman of Grand Rapids, MI, Mary and Alan Huizenga of Hammond, IN, Steve and Jean Vreeman of Anchorage, AK, Fred and Jan Vreeman of Carmel, CA, Joel and Billie Vreeman of FL, Joan and Jim Rhodes of Belmont, MI, 28 nephews and nieces; 3 uncles - Nick de Vries of Newaygo, MI, Willard de Vries of Holland, MI, John F. de Vries of Zeeland, MI; and 1 aunt - Joan (Vreeman) Mouw of Sioux Center, IA. Jane was born August 26, 1951 in Sioux Center, IA, and was a graduate of Holland (MI) Christian High School in 1969, Dordt College (BA) in 1973, and Rutgers University (M.L.S.) in 1976. Most recently she worked as Financial Officer, Systems Manager, and Accountant for several corporations in Arizona and Kauai. Rev. Jerry Vreeman officiated and members of her family participated at a public funeral service and internment on January 30, 1995, at the Lihue Public Cemetery. The people of Kauai whose lives Jane touched, particularly during the hurricane and its aftermath, want to express deep appreciation. She will be lovingly remembered by her family and friends.

WESTERHOF—Mrs. Harriet, age 85, April 15, 1995, Fulton Manor, Grand Rapids, MI. Children: Jack and Patricia Westerhof of Ontario, Irene and James Tuininga of Ontario, Doris and Ronald Van Houten of Grand Rapids, Harry and Jan Westerhof of Ontario, William and Grace Westerhof of Illinois, Peter and Mary Westerhof of Grand Rapids; 19 grandchildren and 7 great-grandchildren.

Employment

Attn. Plant Lovers—Looking for part-time work with flexible hours? Must be willing to drive your own vehicle,

mileage paid. No previous experience necessary. Great job for housewives. Call (616) 247-6815 for appointment. 17

CLEANING HELP needed in SE Grand Rapids, MI., once a week, $10 an hour. Call (616) 949-4785. 17

HELP WANTED—Grand Rapids, MI. Plumbing—HVAC experienced in installation and/or service of residential and light commercial for Plbg. & Htg. contractor established 28 yrs. Benefits included. Send resumé to Box 420, c/o The Banner. 24

WAREHOUSE— Lumbermen's Inc. of Grand Rapids, MI, a wholesale building product distributor, has an opening for a warehouse entry level person. Full-time with excellent total compensation. Hi-lo experience a plus but not necessary. Call Rich at (616) 538-5180, ext. 262, for an interview appointment. 17

RESTAURANT MANAGEMENT OPPORTUNITY—The Kalamazoo Gospel Mission is seeking a qualified person to manage a new restaurant (training facility). If you have the ability to manage and motivate people, are energetic, and have a good work record, we have an excellent opportunity for you. This is a salary, plus benefits position. Experience in all facets of restaurant management is desired. Please forward resumé to Kalamazoo Gospel Mission, 448 N. Burdick, Kalamazoo, MI 49007, Attn. Restaurant Committee. 24

NOVELL NETWORK ADMINISTRATOR & Ass't. Family Research Council has two openings in Holland, MI office. Novell and/or Windows experience needed. Competitive salary and benefits in a Christian organization. Contact Mark Geerlings at (616) 394-5200 for details. 18

Teachers Wanted

Trinity Christian School is seeking a primary teacher for the 95/96 school year. Please send resumés to: Caroline Schollaardt, Principal, Trinity Christian School, 11024B Oakfield Dr. SW, Calgary, AB, Canada T2W 5G6. 24

Haney-Pitt Meadows Christian School is an interdenominational school, currently presenting Christian Education from Kindergarten to Grade 7. In September 1995 a Middle School concept will also be implemented. We are now accepting applications for a possible primary teaching position for the 1995/96 school year. Please send resumés to Rod Berg, Principal, Haney-Pitt Meadows Christian School, 12140 - 203rd St., Maple Ridge, BC V2X 4V5; ph. (604) 465-4442 or fax 465-1685. 18

SW Chicago Christian Schools need: full-time High School Spanish teacher, K-8 Library Media Center Specialist and Middle School Science teacher. Please call or write Roger Sikkenga, (708) 388-7656, 12001 S. Oak Park Ave., Palos Heights, IL 60463. 19

Tri-County Christian School, an interdenominational school in Freeport, IL is searching for an administrator to begin in 1995/96 (perhaps principals). A growing school, with a progressive/conservative evangelical base and a very loyal constituency. Pre-K to 8, 198 students. Please contact Dr. Gordon R. Werkema, (815) 233-1876 (o) or 232-8157 (h). Applications will be accepted until the position is filled. tf

The Christian Reformed Churches of

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

WELCOME YOU TO THEIR SERVICES AND FELLOWSHIP

ANAHEIM—Dale and Crescent (3/4 mile east of Knott's Berry Farm), 530 N. Dale st.; Rev. David Koll, pastor; ph. office (714) 828-4083. Services: 10:30 a.m., 6 p.m. (Sept.-May); 9:30 a.m., 6 p.m. (June-Aug.); S.S. and Catechism: 9:00 a.m. (Sept.-May).

BELLFLOWER, BETHANY—17046 Bixby Ave., corner Park and Bixby Ave.; Rev. Dale Vander Veen, pastor; ph. (213) 866-1812. Worship Services: 10:00 a.m., and 6:00 p.m.; Church School: 8:45 a.m.

BELLFLOWER, FIRST—Corner Ardmore and Ramona. 17603 Ardmore Ave. Dr. John Van Schepen, pastor; ph. 866-5577. Services: 9:30 a.m., 6 p.m.; S.S. (all ages): 11 a.m.

CHINO, FIRST—6159 Riverside dr. Rev. Ronald Scheuers, pastor; ph. 591-9111. Services: 10 a.m., 7 p.m.; S.S.: 11:20 a.m.

ESCONDIDO—1864 N. Broadway. Rev. Andrew Cammenga, pastor; ph. 745-2324. Services: 8:30 and 11 a.m.; 6:30 p.m. S.S.: 10 a.m. Branch services in Ramona, 215 Seventh St.; ph. 561-2456. Services: 10 a.m., 7 p.m.; S.S.: 9 a.m.

LONG BEACH—5559 E. Wardlow rd., ph. 421-1721. Services: 10 a.m. and 6p.m.; Church School: 9:00 a.m.

SAN MARCOS, HOPE—362 Mulberry Dr.; ph. 744-HOPE. Services: 9:30 a.m., 6 p.m.; S.S.: 10:45 a.m.

EASTERN CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S RETREAT

The Eastern Christian Children's Retreat, an organization whose mission is to serve children and adults with developmental disabilities seeks:

1. **Religious Services Coordinator:** part-time position (12-15 hours per week). Major responsibilities are to conduct religious instruction classes, coordinate schedules of volunteer worship leaders, and provide support and spiritual encouragement to staff.
2. **Physical Therapist:** part-time, licensed, flexible schedule, salary negotiable.
3. **Speech Therapist:** Up to 20 hours per week, flexible schedule.

Contact:

Jayne Press, Director of Human Resources
Eastern Christian Children's Retreat
700 Mountain Avenue
Wyckoff, NJ 07481
Phone: (201) 427-2555 Fax: (201) 847-9619

Reformed Worship
and the Calvin College Music Department
present . . .

COLAM 95

Conference on Liturgy and Music

July 17-21, 1995
Calvin College
Grand Rapids, Michigan

COLAM '95, the fifth quadrennial Conference on Liturgy and Music, is designed to give practical assistance to pastors, council members, church musicians, artists, worship committee members, and all others who are interested in exploring worship from a Reformed perspective.

For the first time, COLAM includes a music camp for children ages 7-15. In addition, children ages 4-17 may choose to participate in SUMMERFEST programs. Bring the whole family!

For more information, contact COLAM '95, Calvin College Music Department, 3201 Burton SE, Grand Rapids, MI 49546; (616) 957-6253.

Conference Leaders:

Edith Bajema
Wesley Ball
John Bell
Harry Boonstra
Emily R. Brink
Wayne Brouwer
Donald Bruggink
Michael Burkhardt
René Clausen
James I. Cook
Randall Engle
Patricia Evans
Debra Freeberg
Dale Grotenhuis
Raymond Haan
Roy Hopp
Carl Huisman
Robin Jensen
Duane Kelderman
Helen Kemp
Charlotte Larsen
Lynn Likkel
Natalie Lombard
Norma deWaal Malefyt
Cornelius Plantinga, Jr.
Bert Polman
David Schaap
Cora Scholz
Robert Scholz
Grace Schwanda
Tom Schwanda
Marcia Smits
Gary Teja
Howard Vanderwell
Robert Webber
James F. White
Richard Williams
Leonard Vander Zee

A New Creation!

ENGLISH/COMPOSITION—Northwestern College (Iowa) seeks candidates for a faculty position beginning August 1995. Tenure track or term position, depending on qualifications. Responsibilities include teaching freshman composition and directing the Writing Center. Qualifications include a master's degree in writing, teaching experience, and a strong Christian faith commitment. Apply to Dr. Robert Zwier, VPAA, Northwestern College, Orange City, IA 51041. 17

Peoria Christian School, K-8, 64 students, is seeking an administrator/teacher for the 95-96 school year. Please send a letter of inquiry and resumé to 110 Peoria West St., Pella, IA 50219-8081; ph. (515) 625-4131. 17

Teacher/Administrator Position: Duties include instruction of a multi-grade class (grades 6-8) along with administrative responsibilities for a small staff. Experienced educators wishing to acquire a first-time administrative position will also be considered. Teacher Position: Full-time position in a multi-grade class, grades 3-5. *All applicants must possess a strong commitment to Reformed Christian education.* Send a letter of application and resumé to: The Education Committee, Faith Reformed Christian School, 3596 - 76th St. SE, Caledonia, MI 49316. 18

Lead teachers and teacher aide positions for school age and preschool children open for the summer at Mayfair Christian Day Care. Contact Missy or Susan at (616) 458-1009. 20

Western Michigan Christian High School is seeking either a math/general science teacher or a chemistry/general science teacher for the 1995-96 school year. The ability to teach physics would also be beneficial. Please contact Gerald VanWoerkom, WMCHS, 1212 Kingsley St., Muskegon, MI 49442 or fax (616) 773-4681. 17

Manhattan Christian School needs a P-12 administrator for 370 students starting in August 1995. Would consider a one-year interim situation. Call (406) 282-7261 for more information or write: MCS, 8000 Churchill, Manhattan, MT 59741. 17

Hilltop University/ICS, at Mkar/Gboko, Nigeria, needs a Computer Scientist/Instructor and a Computer Technician for next school year (Oct. thru June). If interested write or call Dr. James Bosscher, 2952 Alger SE, Grand Rapids, MI 49546; (616) 942-5659. 17

Volunteers Needed

Nurse Needed: Qualifications - Registered Nurse to work in a program that serves handicapped and retarded persons and their families in poverty areas of the Mississippi Delta. Preferable starting date April 1. Long-term commitment (1 year or more) desired. Recent graduate acceptable. Also, Tutor Coordinator Needed: Qualifications - Person with degree in elementary, secondary, or special ed or persons who have experience in working with young children or reading programs for adults preferred. Person will work with environmentally delayed children and adults. This is an ongoing need. Minimum term is 3 months or more, preferably 1 year. Starting date would be Oct. 95 to March 96. Housing and utilities are furnished for both positions. Contact: Susie Evans, Exec. Director, PO Box 487, 806 Pine St., Rolling Fork, MS 39159; ph. (601) 873-4842 or 873-2507.

Real Estate: Sales & Rental

FOR RENT—2 condos in Gulf Shores, AL. Both 2 BR, sleep 6. Fully equipped, pool. Walking distance to shops, parks, etc. On Gulf of Mexico. (616) 399-4694. 17

DISNEY WORLD vacation? Stay in our ORLANDO (Ventura) CONDO. 2 BR, 2 BA, fully equipped. Pool, golf, tennis, close to Airport and Disney. (616) 534-3937. Low off season rates!! 17,19

ORLANDO—VENTURA CONDO for rent. Furnished, 2 BR, 2 BA. Golf course, heated pool, spa, tennis. Near airport, Disney. Accepting reservations for July - April. Call owner at (407) 658-4412. 17

RENTAL—ORLANDO—COUNTRY CLUB CONDO. 2 BRs, 2 BAs, fully equipped. Golf, tennis, pool. Near Disney. $500/wk. Call (407) 269-4446. oam

FLORIDA LUXURY 3 STORY TOWNHOME—2 BRs, 4 BAs, sleeps 6. 2 Jacuzzis, balcony/waterview, 2 fireplaces, beaches near. Rent wk./mo. Tampa (813) 347-7337. 2am

MAUI HAWAII Condo on Kaanapali Beach. Ocean view. Fully equip. kit., TVs, VCRs, 1 BR, 2 king beds. Sleeps 6. Pools, tennis, golf, snorkeling. $125/night. Call (209) 883-2608. tf

MAINE—Mount Desert Island, Bar Harbor area. Private oceanfront cottage on Frenchman's Bay. Panoramic view and sunsets from picture window or deck. Call Beverly at (314) 449-2409. eow

CHURCH/BUSINESS RETREATS/FAMILY REUNIONS—3-story, 8-BR house on Lake Macatawa, Holland, MI. Great room with fireplace. Year round. (616) 396-1502. tf

SUMMER RENTAL—beautifully decorated 2 story summer home on Lake Michigan, 15 minutes N. of Holland, MI. Exquisite 3 sided view of lake, sleeps 8, 3+ BRs, 2 fireplaces, double jacuzzi - $1750/week. OR sleeps 4, 1 BR, fireplace - $900/week. Call (516) 261-7985. 17

COTTAGE FOR RENT—Stony Lake. 3 BRs. 6 miles from Silver Lake by dunes and Hart, MI. Beautiful setting. Available June and August. (616) 896-7105. 15

Cottage for rent at South Lake Leelenau. 2 BR, full Kit, furn., LR, Bath, fireplace, no pets. Great walleye fishing. Boat/motor available. Call 1-800-829-8776 (1863). 17

COTTAGE FOR RENT on Lake Michigan, Montague area. Call (616) 897-6462. 17

NW GRAND RAPIDS, MI—quiet large 1 or 2 BR upper. No smoking, no pets. $405/mo. + electric. Call (616) 235-7335. 18

FOR RENT—nice duplex on Philadelphia SE in Grand Rapids, MI. 2 BRs, garage. $450/mo. + utils. Available June 1st. (616) 455-0354. 18

CONDO FOR RENT in SE Grand Rapids, MI. 1 BR. Available mid-August. $390/mo. includes utilities and washer/dryer. Call (616) 942-1772. 17

FOR SALE—Park Model 12' x 35' at Shady Shores, Lot 76, at Gun Lake, MI. Excellent condition. Call (708) 331-9190.

ROOMMATE WANTED—MSU graduate student is looking for a roommate to share a 2 BR apt in the East Lansing

"When you are a Christian and profess that God is Almighty, there is no single area of life from which you can eliminate God."

—From the diary of Diet Eman

The Diet Eman Story

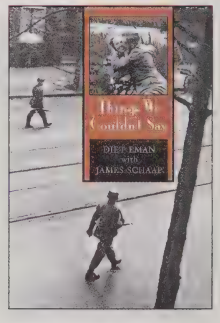
Now in Book Form

Diet Eman was featured in an 8-part story in *The Banner* during November and December 1993. Now you can read her full story in this new autobiography written in partnership with James Schaap.

Things We Couldn't Say is the true story of Berendina (Diet) Eman, a young Dutch woman who, with her fiancé, Hein Sietsma, risked everything to rescue Jews imperiled by Nazi persecution in occupied Holland during World War II. Together they saved the lives of hundreds of Dutch Jews.

You'll find Diet's story to be a moving story of heroism, faith, and—above all—love.

#1700-3550B $19.99US/26.00CDN



To order, call
CRC PUBLICATIONS
1-800-333-8300 US
1-800-263-4252 CAN

area for the 1995-96 academic year. Call John at (517) 339-9470. 18

CONDO FOR SALE—Amber Lakes, GR, MI. Finished upper and lower levels. 2 BAs, 2 BRs, cathedral ceiling, oak Kit. Owner 3-3/4 yrs. On a lake. Upgraded since purchase, double garage. Never cats, dogs, or smoke. Call (616) 878-9691. 17

HOUSE FOR SALE—3 BRs, 2 full BAs, alum. siding. Convenient Aquinas area. Great family neighborhood. Our home for 16 years. Low 70s. Call Bob at (616) 451-8987.

FOR SALE—2 BR condo in Leisure South of Kentwood, MI (GR suburb). Air-cond., 896 sq. ft. Beautiful location, excellent condition. Includes stove, frig, and drapes. 30 day possession. Reasonably priced. (616) 455-6108. 17

MAPLE VILLA Condominiums new construction. As low as $81,900. Attached garages, SE Grand Rapids near Luther Village. Call Cheryl Johnston (616) 249-6971. 25

2 BR COTTAGE nestled in beautifully wooded Cobmoosa Shores north of Muskegon, MI. A few minutes walk to Lake MI. Sleeps 6. $285/week. Call (616) 456-9003. 17

HOUSE FOR RENT needed in the Cutlerville, MI area. 2-3 BRs. Country setting preferred. Call (616) 943-4666. 19

Travel

Your own home in the Netherlands during your "Holland-Tour." Sightseeing and visiting the towns of your roots and relatives. Holiday Centre "De Kuilart", 8723 CG Koudum, The Netherlands, FAX 01131-5142-3010 or contact Mr. H. Snyder, 45 Elisabeth Cres., Whitby, ON L1N 3R8; ph. (905) 668-4940. tf

SCANDINAVIAN HOLIDAY—Carefree travel in the Netherlands, Germany, Denmark, Norway and Sweden. Few seats left. July 10-24, 1995. Hosted by Rev. and Mrs. Len Van Drunen, 937 Village Lane, Jenison, MI 49428; ph. (616) 457-8685, or Witte Travel - 1-800-GO-WITTE. OR join us for an 8 day treasure hunt in AUSTRIA this fall. Call or write for brochures. tf

Products & Services

CASH PAID for used religious books. Contact F.B.S., 826 Edna St. SE, Grand Rapids, MI 49507; ph. (616) 241-4164. s

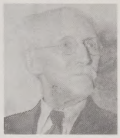
RETIREE buying unwanted vehicles—cars, trucks, and vans—in fair, good, and excellent condition. Paying top dollar. Please call (616) 363-4335. tf

NEED WINDOWS? Installed or do it yourself. Call for free color brochure/measuring guide. Also siding and doors. Ken De Vries (Homework Construction) at (616) 457-8939. tf

Miscellaneous

LOOKING FOR relatives of Jakob Tillema, his wife Nieska, sons Albert and Cornelius. Entered USA May 21, 1866 from Eenrum, Holland. Contact John Tillema at (219) 956-4477 or write 801 E. 925 N, Wheatfield, IN 46392. 17

COMMUNION WARE SET—Purchased new Communion Set for your church? Hope Chr. Ref. Church, Thunder Bay, ON, is looking for a donation (or purchase) of a used communion ware set (4-5 tray) for our church. Please call Deacon Steve Vis at (807) 623-7735 eves. 17



Would like to hear from anyone who remembers the late Feike Visser (see picture). He was my great-grandfather. I would like to find out if there are still family members around Grand Rapids, MI. Please write: Ben Vander Meer, RR 4, Alliston, ON, Canada L9R 1V4. 17

NEEDED—3 sets of John Calvin's Institutes of the Christian Religion edited by John T. Mc Neill, translated by Ford Lewis Battles. These books are needed by our translation team in Russia. Call CRC World Literature Ministries at (616) 246-0835. 18

THE DORDT COLLEGE

READERS THEATRE COMPANY

presents

THINGS WE Couldn't Say

a story of faith, compasssion, and courage during the Nazi occupation of the Netherlands.

CALIFORNIA TOUR

May 18	Escondido, Calvin Chr. H.S. library, 7:30 p.m.
May 19	Chino, Calvary CRC, 7:30 p.m.
May 20	Bellflower, First CRC, 7:30 p.m.
May 21	Visalia, First CRC, 8:00 p.m.
May 22	Ripon, Almond Valley CRC, 7:30 p.m.

Coming Soon

Senior Christian Townhomes of Distinction

Affordable, elegance in a country atmosphere. Yes, this is what awaits you and more in Phase 3 of The Fairways. Imagine relaxing in the comfort and spaciousness of your new townhome. Strolling along the lake shore or a walk through the woods. Watching the magic of nature unfold before your very eyes. Could this be the place you call home? Come and see for yourself. Experience the splendor of The Fairways - Phase 3.

Printed material is available. If you are interested please fill out the request coupon and mail to address below:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zip _____

Phone _____

The FAIRWAYS PHASE-3

Providence Management & Development
2681 South Rt. 394, Crete, Illinois 60417
1-708-672-9300

Providence Management and Development is a subsidiary of Rest Haven Christian Services.

Letters regarding the contents of this magazine will be considered for publication unless marked "not for publication." They should be 100 words or less. All letters will be edited to meet editorial requirements. We will not publish anonymous letters; however, we may withhold names upon request.

Take on the Elders

The opening lines of the book review "Penmen of the Church" (April 10) were a harbinger of the harangue to follow. The writer said it is frightening to take on one's former teachers in a book review. I'm not sure how the concept of battle fits with such a review. Nor do I see the need for each generation to critique its elders. What I do know is that though I have not yet read the latest books by James Schaap or Ronald Jager, I have read John Timmerman's *Valley of the Shadow* and its precursor and found them superb.

Phil de Haan
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Let God Decide

I read "Classis Roundup" (April 3) with dismay. It included 19 overtures plus letters and decisions regarding the issue of women in church office. When will our preoccupation with this issue end so we can devote our time and energy to important kingdom work?

Since people on both sides of this issue have declared a willingness to follow God's leading, I propose that we follow the method the New Testament church used in selecting a successor to Judas Iscariot. At Synod 1995, let us pray faithfully, then cast lots and let God decide how we are to proceed in this matter. Then let each church vow to follow the Lord's decision.

Hugh Meints
Lawton, Mich.

From the pipe organ article ("Is Your Pipe Organ Master or Servant?" April 3) we learn that compromise in the face of a lack of clear biblical direction is an old practice in the church. If I remember correctly, the same approach was used with diverse versifications of the Psalms and the use of hymns.

In the same issue, "Classis Roundup" says some classes want to walk in the footsteps of our fathers by leaving room for local options, while another classis suspends its own rule in an undisguised effort to make sure that no more rules are changed.

Can we learn anything from this providential coincidence?

Johannes DeVlet
London, Ontario

The Fullness of God

Concerning "God as Father: The Positive Side of the Fatherhood of God" (March 27), I believe that we limit God by attributing to him only the parental qualities that we historically have associated with fatherhood. We would be better off also emphasizing God's nurturing qualities, his self-sacrificing love, his gentleness, and his other qualities that seem more motherly than fatherly.

Emphasizing God's motherly qualities will help Christian fathers break out of the strong, silent, authoritarian mode by which many of us relate to our families. Perhaps seeing God's combined fatherly and motherly qualities will also help us understand how men and women should work together in our families, God's kingdom, and the church.

Ralph E. DeJong
South Holland, Ill.

The Welfare Argument

If the main purpose of "Let's Reform Welfare Reform" (March 20) was to broaden the definition of welfare and to deepen our commitment to help the poor, the author might have convinced me had he expanded on his comments relating to Jeremiah 29. Instead, he devoted too much space to bashing and misrepresentation.

For example, I understand his concern about correcting the image of African American women as the perceived recipients of welfare. Why then did this author use California's Proposition 187 as an argument while ignoring the status of Hispanic citizens and illegals? Proposition 187 is about much more than welfare. It also addresses the concern of people who break the law to enter the United States and the concern of how inadequate federal enforcement has placed the burden of the cost of this illegal activity on southern border states. Perhaps the author could convince the U.S. government to allocate funding to help relieve this situation?

Bruce C. Nikkel
Ripon, Calif.

Seminary Extension

I appreciated "Calvin Seminary Goes to California" (March 20). It's neat to see our church and seminary responding thoughtfully to the needs of pastors in different situations. However, I wonder if the seminary has considered a similar program for non-Korean pastors or seminary students. Currently students who attend seminaries other than Calvin Theological Seminary must move to Grand Rapids, Mich., for a final year at Calvin Seminary in order to be ordained in the Christian Reformed Church. I respect this responsible approach to training leaders. However, I know several students and pastors who feel it is simply too hard to uproot their families for a year. It seems a shame that our church, which has a significant need for pastors, should lose these candidates.

So I suggest that Calvin Seminary offer an extension program for such students that would allow them to complete their final year where they are. They could get the same courses, the seminary could confidently recommend them for the ministry, and the CRC could gain quality ministerial candidates.

Barbara Bulthuis
Escondido, Calif.

A FATHER'S LAST WORDS

Edited by Carolyn (De Vries) Vander Griend and Leslie (Vander Griend) Ruiter

October 6, 1942

Beloved Ali and children—Bert, Anni, Tini, Sake, Ina, and Japie,

You probably know that we are in Makassar. Given the circumstances, we do not have it too bad. All five of us are healthy. Either today or tomorrow about 1,000 of the 2,500 men here will be shipped out. We don't know where, but we think to the north. I am giving this letter to someone who is staying here and might come back to Celebes before I do. The trip north is not without danger, but we go trusting that God will take care of us. If I never see you again, my beloved wife and children, let this be your comfort: that God's presence is here as well as home with you.

Spiritually, we are experiencing God's riches more than ever before. Every evening after supper, we get together to read the Bible and pray, and two or three times a week we have evening services. I help lead these services. The people in this camp are very interested in these gatherings.

Sometimes my longing for you, dear ones, is overwhelming. At those times, I remember that God is in control and that he has chosen this cross for us so that we may be purified as silver. This cross is also for you, dear children, so that early in life you may put your trust in Jesus and love him with a childlike faith, for that alone gives meaning.

Bert, you are the oldest, and I know you miss me very much. Be strong, son, and take my place with Mother. If you have problems, talk them over with her. Live a clean and open life so you can be a blessing to others.

Anni and Tini, my dear girls who are almost young women, help Mom wherever you can. In camp, I'm one of the laundry men. My pal and I do the washing, which adds up so far to about 6,000 pieces of clothing. This helps me make a little money to buy food.

Sake, you are now 10 years old. I congratulate you on your birthday. Be a good boy to Mother. Ina, little darling, are you still a tomboy? Be happy, my little girl; you are almost 9 years old. Japie, don't forget your father. Are you going to school already? Anni and Tini, congratulations on your 12th and 13th birthdays. Bert, you are now nearly 14—almost a man!

Last, but not least, my dear wife, congratulations on your 39th birthday, the first in 20 years without me. On your birthday, I was lying in a small cell with dysentery, but in three weeks I was well again. I now weigh about 140 pounds.

Often I think about the last Thursday we were all home. Oh, how wonderful it would be if we could all be together again! If you are free before I am free, be sure that you stay together as a family. Above all, dear wife, tend to the spiritual upbringing of our children. Read the Bible to them and so instruct them that they may know in whom to put their trust. Teach them that the light weight of our trial at the moment works a far greater eternal weight of glory.

I say goodbye to all of you with many hugs and kisses. I am your beloved father until we meet again, be it here or in heaven with Christ Jesus.

Your loving father and husband,

John

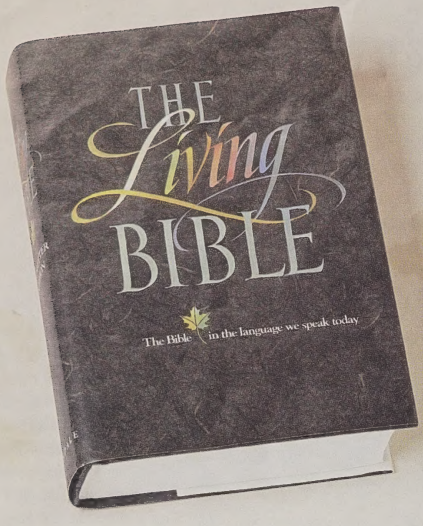
John De Vries was born Feb. 13, 1902, on a small farm in Wiersum, Groningen, the Netherlands. After attending teacher's college, he married and taught at the Christian school in the city of Groningen. In the early 1930s, he took his family to Celebes, an island in the Dutch East Indies, where he taught the children of Dutch nationals. When the Japanese invaded the East Indies in 1942, John was separated from his wife and six children. They were placed in an internment camp, while John, along with most of the other Dutch men on the island, went to a prison camp. Ali and the children heard nothing from John until they received the following letter, which was sent from Makassar (now Ujung Pandang, Indonesia).

This letter was the only letter John De Vries's family received from him after he was imprisoned. After the war, the Red Cross made inquiries and discovered that sometime between 1942 and 1945, John died of blood poisoning while working in a shipyard in Nagasaki, Japan. His wife and children returned to the Netherlands after spending four years in the internment camp. All of them suffered from malnutrition. In 1946, a person who had been imprisoned with John delivered his letter to Ali in the Netherlands.

Carolyn (De Vries) Vander Griend, a member of Alger Park Christian Reformed Church, Grand Rapids, Mich., is a niece of John De Vries.

Leslie (Vander Griend) Ruiter, a member of New Hope Christian Reformed Church, Dunwoody, Ga., is De Vries's great-niece.

0678208OCT 23,953 C10199519
MRS GERRIT STETSEMA
316 BROAD ST
PORT ALLEGANY PA 16743



Join the 40 Million Who Are Reading The Living Bible

THE LIVING BIBLE is the clearest and most understandable text in the English language. Forty million readers have discovered that it can change their lives. It can also change daily Bible reading from a discipline to a joy. If you don't have a copy for yourself or your children (or grandchildren), get one!

- ***for personal Bible study***
- ***for Bible study groups***
- ***for church and general use***
- ***for preaching and teaching***
- ***for personal and family devotions***

Who's Reading The Living Bible?

The Living Bible has made the holy, inspired, inerrant Word of God understandable to the 20th century. I believe it is one of God's greatest gifts to our generation. I read and study it daily with great personal benefit and blessing.

Dr. Bill Bright
President, Campus Crusade for Christ

The Living Bible translates Scripture into language my kids could understand when they were young. We loved to read it together. I still do. And what a tool for evangelism and follow-up!

Luis Palau
International Evangelist

I salute your faithfulness in bringing the Word of God to countless souls through The Living Bible. Every psalm rings with real emotion, and Paul's books sound again like letters to beloved friends. I can't recommend this Bible more highly.

Charles Colson
Founder and Chairman
Prison Fellowship Ministries

The Living Bible is like a stream of sparkling water wandering across life's arid landscape: intriguing, refreshing, nourishing, comforting. My thirsty soul is often satisfied by this invigorating wellspring.

Charles Swindoll, Author
Pastor, First Evangelical Free Church
Fullerton, California

The Living Bible has been used of God around the world for many years to introduce people to the Scriptures. It makes the Bible come alive in a way that is easily understood by even the newest Christian, or those who have never before read the Bible's age-abiding truths.

Dr. Billy Graham
International Evangelist